

# THE FIELD AFAR



JAN.  
1922

MARYKNOLL

VOL. XVI  
No. I

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Approved by the National Council of Archbishops, Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. Authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. The ultimate aim of the Society is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

The priests of the Society are secular, without vows. They are assisted by auxiliary brothers and by the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, more commonly known as "the Maryknoll Sisters."

In the ten brief years of its existence Maryknoll has achieved a remarkable development.

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THE SEMINARY AND ADMINISTRATION is situated on the Hudson, about thirty miles north of New York City, at MARYKNOLL, N. Y. Students in the Seminary make the usual six-year course in philosophy, theology, scripture, etc. The Auxiliary Brotherhood of St. Michael was established for those who wish to devote themselves to foreign mission work, but are not inclined to pursue higher studies or to assume the responsibilities of the priesthood. The general management of the Society and the publication of its two periodicals, *The Field Afar* and *The Maryknoll Junior*, are carried on at this center. Here, too, is the motherhouse of the Maryknoll Sisters.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS, although not a corporate part of the Society, have worked with it from the beginning, first as lay helpers and now as recognized religious,

known officially as the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. These sisters devote themselves exclusively to work for foreign missions. (For further information, address: The Mother Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y.)

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### IN CHINA

A SECTION of 25,000 square miles in South China has been assigned to the Maryknoll Society by the Sacred College of Propaganda Fide, Rome. The first band of Maryknoll priests left for this field in September, 1918. There are now seventeen priests and one auxiliary brother in the Maryknoll Mission. In the fall of 1921 the first mission group of Maryknoll Sisters arrived at their Chinese convent, 19 Chatham Road, Kowloon, Hongkong, where

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ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

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Volume Sixteen

MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1922.

Number One

SACRIFICE is the test of sincerity. America's generous offer at the Disarmament Conference was a challenge to the Old World. Nothing less than this could produce permanent results or get the Conference beyond empty promises and diplomatic nothings. It is a great beginning and a return to the same Christian principle that civilization is not a jungle but a brotherhood of peoples cooperating in the development of the real physical, intellectual, and moral good of the race. Man, as right reason always dictates, is a moral and religious being, and it is only by stressing this essential element in him that we can make the world safe for democracy and democracy safe for the world.



THE roar of welcome which has greeted Marshal Foch from the Atlantic to the Pacific must be sweet proof to him that he has won the great heart of this nation. No visitor to these shores has ever received so tumultuous and enthusiastic a reception. He is welcomed not only because he is recognized as the peerless military leader of the age, ranking with the three or four supreme commanders of all time, but also because the people instinctively feel that his character is on a level with his genius.

His modesty cannot hide his virtues. He is a shining illustra-

## A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

THE FIELD AFAR wishes to every one of its readers a bright and happy New Year. May God fill it to overflowing with temporal blessings and with His choicest graces! Holiness and happiness are related to one another as cause to effect. Let this year see a great step forward in our pursuit of holiness of life: it cannot then but be a truly happy year.

"Before him the Ethiopians shall fall down and his enemies shall lick the ground.

The Kings of Tharsis and the islands shall offer presents; the Kings of the Arabians and of Saba shall bring gifts.

And all kings of the earth shall adore him; all nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the poor from the mighty, and the needy that had no helper."—Psalm 71.

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tion of what a Catholic layman who lives the life of faith can be. And his reception proves once again that to be a popular idol it is not necessary that a man should be indifferent to religion or weakly lead a life of compromise.



DURING Advent we awaited the Promised One: at Christmas we stood around the Manger and adored the Infant Whom the prophets called the Prince of Peace and Emmanuel; and on the sixth of January the Wise Men from the East bring Him their gifts in the name of the Gentiles.

These men from the East were led to the Christ Child by a divinely-sent light. How are the pagan peoples brought to Him now? Not by any miraculous means, but by the Church, her missionaries and lay folk. Missionaries come from the Catholic home and Catholic parish. The Church sends them as Christ sent His apostles.

But we know that the apostles themselves were aided by Christian men and women, whose names, says St. Paul, are "written in the book of life." What part have you, dear reader, in bringing Christ to those who sit in darkness in pagan lands? The Savior intends that all, priests and laity, men, women and children now enjoying the light of Faith, should be the new stars to guide the pagan world to Him.



A GOOD NEW YEAR'S GIFT — THE FIELD AFAR.

**A** PAGAN—Sophocles—said: “Whose soul records not the great debt of joy is stamped forever an ignoble man.” And Mary later sang: “My soul doth magnify the Lord!” And priests throughout the ages cry with David: “I shall go up to the altar of God—to God Who gives joy to my youth!”

Joy, especially joy of God, fills the heart to overflowing and seeks an outlet. The perennial joy of Christendom in Christ the Lord is too great to be constrained within its boundary lines, and, bursting ties of home and country, spreads abroad to the uttermost ends of the earth the glad tidings of God’s love for man.

The Church, the Spouse of Christ, must in her joy intone the daily Psalms that call on all the nations to sing anew the praises of our God, and not content with prayer alone, she invites her sons and daughters by prayer and sacrifice to carry her message to the farthest confines of her jurisdiction till the humblest of her children be filled with the joy of sonship and the whole world resound with praises of our God.

God’s Church, limited by neither time nor space, can look forward to the fulfillment of God’s plans and anticipate with joy the Clean Oblation offered “from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.” We, her children, will enter more completely into her joy the more we aid her to spread the glad tidings.

The Little Flower voices the spirit of the Church: “Fain would I travel the earth, O my Well-Beloved, to preach Thy Name and to set up Thy glorious Cross in pagan lands! But one mission only would not suffice for me; would that I could at one and the same time proclaim the Gospel the world over, even to the remotest of its islands. I would desire to be a missionary not only for a few years, but to have been one from the creation of the world, and so continue to the end of time!”



**T**HE Holy Father, in response to a recent address made by Cardinal Vanutelli, declared that five wounds are now afflicting society—the denial of authority, animosity of brother toward brother, the frantic pursuit of pleasure, a disgust for work, and forgetfulness of the supernatural. The remedy for these evils, the Pope said, is the teaching of the Gospel.

The clear vision of the Father of all Nations merits attention, and the fact that he points to the teaching of the Gospel as a remedy ought to make us weigh well the claims of foreign missions. The five remedies are exemplified in mission work.

Authority is the essence of mission work. A missioner is sent; he initiates no new theories in religion; though a pathfinder in new regions, he blazes the old message of God’s love for all mankind. His message, too, is essentially one of brotherly love that draws no color line. His daily privations, no matter how much modern science has lessened them, his life in a climate and among a people not his own, are a sermon against the frantic pursuit of pleasure. His happiness is proof against disgust for work and begets an increased optimism in others. He has brought home to him in his ministry the weakness of merely natural means and the need of childlike trust in God.

It is given to few literally to preach the Gospel, but Our Holy Father’s remedy must be applicable to all. A more ready obedience to God’s call to each of us; the deliberate opening of our heart to interest in our neighbor and our neighbor’s neighbor, till our interest is world-wide; the cheerful offering up of pleasures and an intensive work to further God’s cause on earth; above all, the bringing of the supernatural into our motives by seeing the immortal soul where others see skin-deep: these practiced will remedy the five sores Our Holy Father

finds today. The remedy is concentrated in work for the missions.

It is interesting to note how these social wounds affect China.

Observers of China in her present crisis remark the absence of unified government; province has risen against province and actually there are three rival governments. What saves China from anarchy, perhaps, is the solid respect for parental and commercial authority; patriotism as practised elsewhere is practically unknown in that vast land. The highest unit where love of brother is realized is the village unit; beyond that, except for a faint pride in one’s own province, the Chinese have little concern. The influence of Christianity has given birth to native asylums, schools, and hospitals, but, apart from missionary supervision, they amount to little.

At first glance the social sore of luxury seems not to enter into Chinese life; the blight of pagan principles has reduced the average native to a struggle for existence, yet the germs of love of luxury can be seen even in their poverty. The lepers, blind and maimed, are unrelieved; Christian charity, the antidote to luxury, is absent. A disgust for work, also, is less evident than in wealthier countries, though in China there is a pride that prevents an educated man from working with his hands and extreme poverty will sometimes be suffered rather than resort to manual labor. This attitude is expressed in the long finger-nails that boast the care of the wearer. Above all, the lack of supernatural motives leaves the Chinese no higher than mere nature without grace. Even the worship of idols has been discarded by the average man and his entire attention has been concentrated on the immediate needs and pleasures of the body.

The leprous condition of China urgently needs the application of Our Holy Father’s remedy, for the evil is growing daily.



A Truce of God. *By Fr. Ford, A. F. M.*

This glimpse of early Japanese Christians is founded on facts taken from Fr. Steichen's interesting book, "The Christians Daimyos."

It takes us back to the early part of the seventeenth century and throws a light on the Japanese character, a light that will help us to form a fair judgment of their descendants.

Mancio Ito, the writer, was a Japanese Jesuit, and we can only regret that such as he could not have been multiplied before the storm that swept all European priests off to martyrdom or banishment.

**T**HE account which I have written of the early days of the reign of Our Divine Savior in Japan, although fulfilling as it does the warning of Our Lord that He bringeth not peace but a sword, happily, however, has a page here and there of less bloody deeds and milder thoughts. Albeit history, especially the annals of Japan, is but a record of warring daimyos, wherein the pacific arts and industries receive scant mention, yet the story of our Holy Faith is not without bright tales that evidence the sweetness of its character.

Since Iemitsu in the annals of our times has caused to be written a false view of our priests, depicting them as emissaries of intriguing governments, the following few lines may testify to the refining influence they exercised on our war-loving nobles.

Over against Osaka, on the other side of the Yodogawa and two hours' distant, lies another great town called Sakai, not so big as Osaka yet withal a town of great trade for all the islands thereabouts. The earthquake fourteen years ago greatly changed both towns, and as the story which I now relate is of Sakai two score years yet earlier, before even the baptism of my grandfather Sorin, and only fourteen years since Father Francis Xavier quit our shores for China and Heaven, it is well nigh impossible to describe the seaport justly. Neither the grand edifice of Hideyoshi's castle at Osaka, whose gilded walls and stately battlements have won the praise of all Japan, nor the Shinto shrines of the city's deities, nor

the sago palms of Myokkuji's temple, were yet in existence.

When Father Frois first told me of the town, he sketched its limits on my fan with bold sure strokes as vivid as a Kane landscape. He drew the quiet beach, a delicate line, Awaji in the distance with its hazy, square-topped mount of Senzan outlined in



A CHRISTIAN SAMURAI.  
(From an old Japanese print.)

pines, the Garden of Eden in our mythology; while the lofty peaks of Mayasan and the town of Hyogo lay to the right.

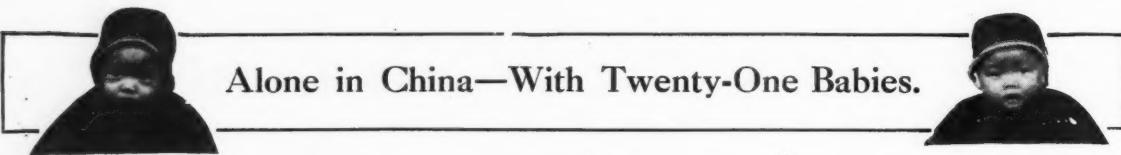
Here in this busy seaport town the earlier Jesuits, after Father Francis, had built their chapel and a house. Indeed it was a growing center of our Faith and Father Frois was justly proud of it. Our Society then numbered more than one hundred in Japan, though the greater number were native lay brothers. That was in the fif-

teenth year of Tensho, when Hideyoshi layed impious hands on all our property and turned it over to some samurais.

But it is of the seventh year of Eiroku, on the very Birthday of Our Lord, 1565, that Father Frois told the interesting story. For two bloody years the towns and fields between Kyoto and Osaka were made desolate by the warriors of Yoshitsugu and Matsunaga in their struggle for the shogunate. In both armies were many Christian samurais, each fighting loyally for his master yet not unmindful of the Master of us all. For when good Father Frois in his anxiety for the welfare of their souls made a journey to Sakai, in front of which the armies were encamped, and as the season of Our Savior's Birth drew nigh invited them to Midnight Mass, they gladly sought the opportunity to approach the Sacraments.

It was a strange sight, at least in our unhappy country, to see the bands of Christian soldiers at the chapel on the Eve of Christmas. It was cold and bleak; the white expanse of sandy shore, snowless but frosted, made the dark figures of the soldiers stand out in bold relief. The samurais of Yoshitsugu came past the temple of Myokkuji with its three-storied pagoda, at which the Christians glanced and hurried by; the valiant men of Matsunaga came north by Nintoku's grave, striking for the beach to avoid the double moat. Each, unmindful of the presence of his enemy, was talking in low tones of the coming festival. The moon was on the wane and neither recognized the

(Continued on page 31.)



## Alone in China—With Twenty-One Babies.

THE proverbial apartment dweller who has no place to rest his weary head because "children are not allowed" has an easy time of it compared to Fr. McShane of Loting, China, who found himself abandoned with twenty-one howling infants on his hands.

How the wary Chinese refused him assistance to Hongkong with his precious almond-eyed cargo is graphically told in Fr. McShane's most recent letter to *THE FIELD AFAR*.

"I was not long home from Hongkong when I learned that the head of the pagan orphanage had expressed a desire to send his little infants to the sisters' orphanage at Canton," he writes.

At first I thought it was but a little ruse on his part to get me to "come across" with a substantial money donation, for his usual plaint when talking with me was: "No money, no money, not enough to manage my place." I am charitable enough to believe that he has some real interest or concern in the work he is directing, other than the pecuniary recompense that he is getting out of it. I waited purposely a few days before approaching him on the question of transferring the babies to Canton. This interim would give me a little opportunity to consider the matter from our point of view, and it would also give him time to reconsider his offer if he cared to do so.

After two days, then, I went to him and inquired whether the report about wishing to send his infants to Canton was true. His answer was that he had been quoted correctly, and of course the reason was he hadn't enough money to keep them. I asked him if he still wanted to be relieved of their care and he said that he certainly did. He stated, moreover, that if the good Father would assume responsibility for the transfer it would no doubt bring added

respect and appreciation for the Loting Catholic Church. I told him I would consider his offer and in a day or two would give him my answer. I then began to make inquiries as to what effect such a move would have on the pagan population of this vicinity.

At best, it is no easy matter to get from a Chinaman his real opinion on a given subject. The Chinese are so polite externally that, for fear of offending, they will often evade a clear cut answer until they feel pretty sure what kind of answer is wanted. However, the answers that I received on this subject were so spontaneous and uniform that I felt rather convinced that I should make no mistake in getting the little ones into the hands of the sisters. I decided also to engage two or three pagan nurses to take care of the ten or twelve infants *en route* to Hongkong. This would have the advantage of bringing these pagan women in close touch with the sisters' orphanage. They would see themselves just how the sisters conduct their work, and they would also learn that the sisters are not selling or destroying the babies as the Chinese do.

In two days, I went back to the orphanage and told the superintendent that I was willing to take ten or twelve babies to Hongkong. I decided to take them to Hongkong and not Canton, because the sisters at the former place had only recently offered to relieve me of all the infants that I couldn't manage.

This much being settled, there remained the all important question of the expenses of the trip. Of course I knew it was "up to me," and after telling the old gentleman that in view of the fact that his orphanage was in such financial straits, and especially since I was so interested in the welfare of the little ones, I would defray the cost of the trip. As a favor, however, I asked him to allow three of his nurses to take care of the youngsters on the

way. This favor was readily granted when he learned that it meant no expense to him.

There yet remained another rather serious question to settle before finally closing the deal. Perhaps one-fourth of the babies were in a very critical condition and I did not want them to die on my hands while journeying to Hongkong. Moreover, as Fr. McKenna was looking after the sick babies and baptizing them before dying, I decided to take only the healthier ones. So I told the old man that since the journey would probably consume three full days I thought it wise not to transfer any of the sick ones. He not only agreed to this, but stated that he would allow me to make the entire selection. We then settled on the following Thursday for the departure to Hongkong. I at once engaged a small boat to take us down to the West River, where we would have to transfer to the big boats that ply between Wuchow and Hongkong.

Hardly had I finished my Mass Thursday morning when I was told that the women were in the reception room waiting for me to make the selection of babies for Hongkong. I went down almost immediately. But what was my surprise when I counted just exactly thirty-three little urchins, all, with the exception of about six, in the very best of health! Both the superintendent and matron of the orphanage were there, and after the usual greetings they told me to make my selection and to take as many as I wanted.

As stated before, I thought ten or twelve would be plenty for this trip, but I forgot all about numbers when the poor women crowded around me and pitifully and appealingly begged me to take their babies. Fr. McKenna was helping to make the selection and when he announced that we had twenty-one picked out I thought it best to call a halt. I shall not soon forget

the look of disappointment on the faces of the remaining women when I made this announcement, which of course did not mean at all that I was going to forsake the others. I knew that they would be taken back to the orphanage, and that if there was any real danger Fr. McKenna would be on hand to take care of them.

So, having made the necessary preparations for the trip, the signal was given, and in less than twenty minutes we were on our boat and were moving down towards the West River. Fr. McKenna and our catechist accompanied us down to a place called Solung, where he wanted to make a sick call. After he left us I was alone—or rather, to put it more exactly, I was one of a party of twenty-five.

We had pretty good sailing the remainder of the day. Of course the youngsters were noisy and restless, but, considering the peculiar circumstances, they were not too bad. Before leaving Loting I suggested buying baskets to put the little ones in, but my suggestion was not considered. And as a result the babies were planked right down on the floor with nothing between them and the hard boards but a page from *The Baltimore Sun*. I also brought

along a supply of milk, but I was surprised to learn how indifferent the nurses were in preparing it for the infants; in fact, it was only when I insisted that they gave it to them at all. They preferred to feed them rice and rice gruel. And this is the way the food was administered: the gruel was simply poured down the little one's throat as fast as it would swallow it, while the rice was first chewed by the nurse for a minute or so and then stuffed into the baby's mouth. I must admit that this was a revelation to me, especially since the ages of the infants ranged from five to forty days old.

That night we passed through the section of the country most thickly infested with pirates and robbers, but I hadn't the slightest fear that any of them would want to relieve me of my charges. Next day at two p. m. we arrived at the West River, and after a little dickering for an anchoring place we reached the village of Namkonghau.

Up to then I had had a pretty easy time of it, but once we docked at that village the troubles began. It did not take long for the local sampan dwellers to learn our mission, and the news of our arrival soon spread through the

place. Within an hour the dozen or so of sampans were crowding around our boat, while the villagers were actually boarding the boat to get a look at the passengers. Baby after baby was picked up, given the once over, and then received a favorable or unfavorable comment just as it appeared to the one passing judgment upon it. A certain number asked outright for a baby; and one woman even offered to pay a few cents for one. I suppose their object was to resell the babies and thus make a few cents extra. And then there were a few others whose actions were so suspicious that even my pagan nurses suspected that they were planning to steal a baby, so within a few minutes my three faithful helpers had gathered the little ones from the other end of the boat and placed them on the floor directly in front of me. I then saw that they wanted my help, so, laying aside my breviary, I assumed the role of watchman and for the next three hours did little else than keep my eyes on the people who were passing through the boat.

At exactly five p. m. we heard the whistle of the approaching Hongkong steamer. I don't know when I heard a sound so consoling, for I immedi-



HERE THEY ARE—THE TWENTY-ONE LITTLE PACKAGES SAFE IN THE ARMS OF THE NURSES IN HONGKONG.

WILL YOU ADD ONE TO OUR CIRCULATION?

ately had visions of boarding the big boat, getting the little ones settled in a quiet corner, and then retiring for a bit of rest; but wait—! the river at this point is probably two miles wide but only the middle of it is navigable for these large steamers, consequently local passengers must be ferried to it in a long, open, flat-bottomed boat. Before getting on this ferry I engaged four women from the village to help the nurses transfer the youngsters from our boat to the ferry and from the ferry to the steamer. As we approached the steamer the "rail-hangers" caught sight of the infants, and within a minute or so more it looked as if their boat might capsize, so many of the passengers rushed to the rail to get a peep at the babies. As soon as I could, I got on the steamer, elbowed my way through the crowd, and finally reached the compradore on the second deck. I asked him where he would place the little ones, but you can imagine my feelings when he told me that he could not make room for even one new passenger. He encouraged me, however, by saying that another big boat was following and that I could easily get accommodations on it. By this time at least half of the babies had been transferred from the ferry to the boat, but there was nothing to do but shift them right back again and row back to the dock to await the next steamer.

Fifteen minutes later we were being

ferried out to the next and last steamer for Hongkong that day. As soon as the compradore, who was watching our approach, saw the infants he motioned for us to go back, but I was too anxious to get on his boat to heed his gestures. When the boat came to a stop I got on and started to mount the stairs that led to the second deck. The compradore himself met me and told me that they were crowded and could not take on any more. I made an effort to reach the captain on the third deck, but before I could advance far the boat started to go, and I was forced to get off. Thus we were constrained to return a second time to our little boat at the dock, and I must admit that it was not pleasant to do so since it would be twenty-four hours before the next steamer would arrive, with chances for getting accommodations none too promising. The nurses sensed difficulties and they insisted on returning at once to Loting. Such a thought, however, never entered my mind, for I knew that within an hour I could reach Fr. Chan's mission (my next door neighbor), and could then telegraph Fr. Walsh at Wuchow to reserve a cabin on tomorrow's Hongkong boat.

Within an hour, therefore, I arrived at the Taking Mission—only to be told that Fr. Chan was at Canton. I asked his "boy" to take me to the telegraph office. There I wrote out a brief note to Fr. Walsh asking him to reserve a

### THE MARTYR OF FUTUNA

*Bl. Peter Chanel, S. M.*

A nineteenth-century martyr, whose death on the Island of Futuna showed again that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians."

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cabin on the next day Hongkong boat. Before forwarding this message the operator handed me a bill for five dollars and eighty-two cents. This seemed very expensive, and when I considered that I could actually go to Wuchow for sixty cents, and be able to return on the same boat on which I was now asking Fr. Walsh to make reservation, I decided not to send the telegram but to go directly to Wuchow. I was urged all the more to do this, first, because I could not be certain that the message would ever reach its destination, and secondly, there was the possibility that Fr. Walsh might be away from his mission. There was only one objection to this plan: I did not want to leave the nurses alone with the babies on our little boat at Nankonghau that night; but the longer I thought of it the firmer became my conviction that it was the only wise thing to do. Consequently, I sent a man to tell the nurses the new plans.

As it was then ten p. m. and the boat to Wuchow was due to leave about two a. m., I thought it hardly worth while returning to the babies for the couple of hours that intervened. Then, too, Fr. Chan's boy promised to go down early the next morning and remain with them till I returned from Wuchow. I secured the loan of an alarm clock, and, being assured by the boy that he would be up in time to accompany me to the boat, retired for a couple of hours' sleep.

I don't know whether it was the heat, the noise next door, the mosquitoes, or the anxiety about the babies five miles down the river, that kept me awake, but at one a. m. I got up, dressed, and waited till one-thirty. Then I let the alarm go off, hoping that it would



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awaken the boy. At two a. m. there was as yet no sign of anyone being awake, so I decided to let them sleep, as I knew I could easily reach the boat myself. I put on my hat and started to go out. But I could not open the door and upon examination discovered that I was locked in. Evidently the boy had locked the door before retiring. I then relit the lamp, re-wound the alarm clock, and let it go for all it was worth—but to no avail. The boy was doubtless sleeping the sleep of the just. Just then I thought I heard the whistle of the approaching boat. This got me really excited, and I began pounding on the door and shouting loud enough to awake the seven sleepers. Everybody else in the neighborhood seemed to hear my call, but the boy slept on.

There was only one thing left to do and that was to break the door, and I was just about to do it when I heard footsteps approaching and the rattle of keys. In another minute the door was opened, and the boy nonchalantly informed me that it was about time to go to the pier. "Well," as old Uncle Josh used to say whenever he wanted to keep his pledge of always using a polite form when expressing his feelings, "I felt like saying something but I didn't." I simply told him, as politely as I could, that he was a pretty good sleeper. We then hurried to the dock and I was considerably cheered by the news that our boat had not yet arrived. We waited just three hours before it came, but, even so, I was happy to board it and be on the way to Wuchow.

At noon the boat anchored at Wuchow. I hastened immediately to the steamer that was to leave at two p. m. for Hongkong, secured a cabin for this trip, and then started to find Fr.

Walsh's mission. There was just about enough time with him to explain my visit and eat dinner, when I had to leave to catch the boat.

Once settled on this steamer and moving down the river, I felt as though our troubles were over, for would it not be an easy matter to pick up the babies at Namkonghau, place them in the nice cabin reserved for them, and then let the nurses do the rest? I felt certain, too, that Fr. Chan's boy would be there, as he promised, to manage the transfer from the ferry to the steamer. Anyhow, such thoughts were enough to give me a quiet rest for the next four hours, this being the time from Wuchow to Namkonghau.

Shortly before we arrived, I was on the lookout for my party. As we got nearer I could plainly see our little boat at the dock, and concluded that the babies were on the ferry that was coming out to the steamer. I then went down to the lowest deck, elbowed my way through the steerage passengers, and finally arrived at the gangway where the new passengers would enter. It did not take long to see that there were no babies on the ferry, and I shouted to the ferryman to tell me where they were. "Over there," answered he, pointing in the direction of our ship. I took this to mean that they had possibly come out in another ferry and were entering on the other side of

our boat. I hurried up to the first deck, scanned the whole water line of the vessel on that side, but could see no boats. I asked one of the crew if any babies had been brought aboard and he replied that he didn't see any. Down again I went to the ferryman and asked him if the babies were still at the dock, and he told me they were.

By this time the steamer had started to move and before I fully realized it we were fast approaching the ship's full speed. I hurried to the captain and asked him to please stop the boat for a few minutes. I'll remember that captain to my dying day, for he had the ship almost at a standstill before he heard the full reason for my request. I then sent a message to the owner of our small boat and requested him to row down to the steamer. At the same time the captain gave orders to have his steamer pull in towards the shore. By so doing, our little boat, when it arrived, was able to push right next to the gangplank that was let down for them; and the transfer of the babies was effected without much trouble and in a remarkably short time. This was another time that I "felt like saying something," but to what effect? The Chinese passengers were enjoying the affair as much, perhaps, as they would their evening chow; and any indication on my part that I did not agree with them would but lower me in their estimation. I simply retired to my own cabin and congratulated



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myself that my entire party was together again.

The rest of the journey was rather uneventful. It was about three p. m. the next day when we docked at the Hongkong pier. In response to a telegram sent from Wuchow by Fr. Walsh to our Procure, "to have automobiles meet Fr. McShane and party on S. S. Kwong Ying," I found the procurator himself and two clerical visitors at the pier to welcome us.

An amusing incident at the time happened with the nurses. I doubt if Hongkong ever had in its midst more innocent "greenhorns" than those nurses of mine. Previous to our landing, the leader of the three suggested that I buy a couple of big baskets to carry the babies to the sisters' orphanage. I told her I would get something better than baskets. So, when the little ones were all placed in the automobiles, I told the nurses to get in also. I noticed they were very reluctant to do so. And why shouldn't they be? They had never in their lives, except at their marriage, been carried by coolies, and it never entered their minds that they were now to have such a privilege repeated. They were willing enough to have their baggage carried, but they insisted on placing themselves back of the automobiles expecting, of course, that the automobiles would be carried by coolies, and they could then follow behind. We finally got them into the cars, and just what passed through their minds when the machines began to move, and move rapidly, too, would be interesting indeed to learn.

It did not take long to reach the sisters' orphanage, where the infants were received with open arms. When they were finally bunked in little clean white beds, I could not but think how fortunate they were to be placed in the hands of the good sisters. And I thought, too, how fortunate I was in being able, through the generosity of American friends, to finance such an undertaking, for I know there are hundreds of other missionaries who, for lack of money, would have been helpless to rescue these infants. It was well worth the money and trouble, and I was glad to have shared in it.

## CHRISTMAS—Here and In China.

THE florists' automobiles started off from the curb and sped down the avenue in front of the church. It was the afternoon before Christmas Day and the drivers realized that they had plenty of work before them, work that would keep them up late in the night delivering their fragrant wares. They had just completed their largest job of decorating and were glad that it was over.

They knew that the sanctuary of the big church which they had left was a gorgeous forest of Christmas greens and scarlet poinsettias. No effort or expense had been spared to provide a fitting setting for the great midnight Sacrifice. As the solemn bell in high tower would toll the arrival that night of the Feast of the Nativity twinkling candle lights would appear through the dull evergreens, myriads of brilliant electric lights gleam forth, and hundreds of eyes would be attracted by the ever changing scene of white cassocks, golden vestments, and fine laces, with the pall of sweet incense over all.

With the mighty organ bursting forth into a roar of welcome to the Savior, the famous choir would inspire the kneeling throng with that song of angels—"Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

Surely that would be a scene calculated to please the new-born Christ Child and to instill in all those present a spirit of peace on earth.

In far-off China a Maryknoll missioner tells of Christmas in his little church, where neither golden vestments nor magnificent pipe organ add to the impressiveness of the Holy Sacrifice.

"For several days previous to Christmas we were busy garnishing the house," he says. "With true doughboy enthusiasm we swept, dusted, and washed windows, teaching English slang the

while to a little shaver who was much amused by it. The teacher, Wong, decorated the altar with all the gold and red artificial flowers he could lay his hands upon, in a way that would delight the heart of any Chinese. Meanwhile the youngster put finishing touches here and there with our fine assortment of tools, which are well worth their weight in gold. The electricians, too, worked their heads off wiring the house and by six o'clock, just as the evening shades fell, Maryknoll-in-Wuchow shone out like the star of Bethlehem.

"Then in came our shepherds, a score of neighboring women and children, curiosity leading the way. Though I understood little of what they said, I readily gathered from their grunts and signs that they were pleased with the general appearance of things. Some of the youngsters had stockings of nuts and candy in their hands, which they doubtless obtained at the Methodist or some other Protestant mission.

"We had Midnight Mass, celebrated by Fr. Walsh. I was in the gallery playing the old Christmas melodies on the violin. The congregation consisted of a Catholic Japanese woman, her pagan Chinese husband and their little boy of six Kwangtung winters."

And the florists sped down the avenue in their automobiles, never realizing that theirs was the least important part of the welcome which the Christ-Child so eagerly looks for on His Birthday, and that the honor paid Him in far-off China was fully as gratifying to Him as that in the big church, because it was another step in the fulfillment of the words of Isaías: *And God's people will come from the land of Sinin and join in the anthem of praise with people from every land under the sun.*

## Fatherly Friends of Maryknoll.

**H**ONOR to whom honor is due! The official announcement that the Rev. John F. Noll, *LL.D.*, editor of *Our Sunday Visitor*, has been elevated to the rank of Domestic Prelate brings joy to the hearts of all Maryknollers.

Fr. Noll exemplifies what should be, but is not yet, a truism: that efforts to bring the Faith to others need imply no neglect of it at home; for while his remarkably successful apostolate of the press, in addition to other labors, must make absolute demand on his time and attention, he yet has plenty of room in his heart for a practical devotion to foreign missions, and he has proved a constant and generous friend of our growing Society.

All the Maryknolls extend their heartiest congratulations, and join in prayer that Fr. Noll's wonderful work for the propagation of the Faith, both at home and abroad, may continue successfully *ad multos annos*.

One Sunday last summer we heard Mass in a town hidden among the hills of Massachusetts. The sermon was on faith and, to our surprise, the priest closed the sermon with the words: "I've no doubt, that if the Catholics of this town would look out beyond its narrow limits and become interested in Catholic foreign missions, this town would glow with truly Catholic faith. Perhaps each would become a missioner in prayer and in example, and thus strive to bring a friend or relative to the true Church of Christ, or to lead some dear soul to the knowledge and love of the truth, the beauty and the consolations of the Catholic faith."

**In the plan of God we may help one another while living together on this earth: and in the same Divine plan we who still live on earth may help those who have left it.**



REV. PETER PAUL CHAPON, S.S.,  
whose memory is held in benediction  
by hundreds of American priests.

The  *Father Chapon Memorial* Burse has now reached the \$2,000 mark.

The important share which this reverend and much-loved priest had in the training of hundreds of the clergy deserves a lasting monument. A fund for the education of candidates for the priesthood is surely an appropriate, if not an adequate, memorial to his life's labors. We confidently entrust the completion of the burse to the gratitude of the priests throughout the country who have received inspiration from the virtues of this holy and venerable teacher.

Maryknoll owes a big debt of gratitude to the bishops who have opened their dioceses to the Maryknoll campaign for subscribers to THE FIELD AFAR, to the pastors of parishes who have welcomed the preachers of Maryknoll's message, and to their generous parish-

ioners who have given a ready hearing and a helping hand.

Connecticut and Rhode Island have been the most recent field to be visited in our campaign to spread the knowledge of mission work. Bishop Nilan and Bishop Murray of Hartford, and Bishop Hickey of Providence, have been most kind and helpful; the pastors of both dioceses, when asked to set aside a Sunday for a Maryknoll appeal, have without exception granted this valued favor. Fr. Cassidy, the Maryknoller who has been arranging in Connecticut and Rhode Island for the schedule for Maryknoll preachers, reports that he has met everywhere a spirit of interested and zealous co-operation; and the priests who have gone out from Maryknoll and The Venard to carry the mission message return with glowing accounts of the hospitality that has been shown to them by the priests of the several parishes.

It is this fine spirit of cooperation on the part of bishops, priests and people that gives us so much confidence in the future of mission work in the United States. The power of the parishes when organized for any objective is incalculable; and when the parishes throughout our country are massed behind the mission movement, we can look for results commensurate with the numbers and the active faith of the Catholics of the United States.

Because of the whole-hearted response of the Hartford diocese, a long cherished ambition of Maryknoll was finally achieved and the circulation of THE FIELD AFAR has at last gone over the top with 104,000 subscribers.

**A Perpetual Memorial Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society may be secured by an offering of fifty dollars. (A Bond will be quite acceptable.)**

## The Missioners At Sea.

## ON BOARD S. S. MANILA MARU.

WELL, we are sailing, sailing o'er the bounding main. The gangplank was hoisted promptly at ten a. m. The day was cloudy and hazy and soon there could be distinguished only the domed spires of the Cathedral and the Smith Building, the Woolworth of Seattle, while on the other side were the snow capped, tree-fringed outlines of the Olympias. Now as we are nearing Victoria the sun is shining brightly.

We and a Siberian returning from Alaska are the only white passengers. The rest seem to be all Japanese save a Holstein cow and calf. Frs. Sweeney and Meehan and Brother Albert have one room, and Frs. Murray and Paschang another. Nearly all the other rooms are vacant. Among the Japanese passengers is a Universalist minister who is a Harvard man. I think he travels with the steers in the steerage.

It looks as if everything is going to be all right. The cabins are quite comfortable, and the luncheon today was edible enough. Lots of fun watching the sailors batten down the hatches. Their chorus of shouts and groans and grunts as they drag on the ropes is most musical. To increase the noise the flying squadron of gulls convoying us screech like a rusty pulley as they fight over a cigarette butt or a perching place.

Just now we are having tea and coffee-cake. Fr. Sweeney, as superior and procurator of this expedition, is being hounded continually by requests from his charges to see about the trunks, to arrange a place for Mass, to get this, and to do that. He declines to be perturbed. A while ago, a sailor came and dropped a rod tied to a rope through a hole in the saloon (obsolete word in U. S.) and when it showed only about three feet of water, Fr. Sweeney was rather surprised to think our ship was only three feet from

**A priest-friend refers to his Perpetual Membership as a paid-up insurance policy.**



the bottom. At Victoria, where we are to stop for two hours, we are going ashore, and by walking on terra firma and concrete for a while we hope to postpone the inevitable. So far the motion of the boat is almost imperceptible, but Fr. Sweeney yearns for a turbulent sea. He thinks one should have "the experience." May he get all he wants!

**Friday.**—After dinner yesterday, following a brisk automobile ride through Victoria, we sat up on the upper deck and watched the harbor lights of the city and their quivering reflections in the water dwindle away in the distance. Then the waves ploughed up great gleaming spots of green phosphorescence. Someone was playing a flute and for a moment we suspected that Fr. Hunt was stowed away somewhere, but later the musician was discovered. Wrapped up in a big checkered kimona, he was blowing away at a long bamboo flute and producing much lugubrious music.

We do not glide so smoothly over the water as yesterday. Fr. Paschang has suffered several onslaughts of "mal de mér." All the others are traveling well. We set up our Mass kits and offer the Holy Sacrifice in our cabins. During the day there is not much to do except sit up on deck, or in the cabin devouring the supply of detective and adventure fiction.

**Saturday.**—Fr. Sweeney has been wishing for a storm and this noon we (Continued on page 13, column 3.)

**A Liberty Bond or a War Savings Stamp is always as acceptable at Maryknoll as any form of money.**

## ON BOARD S. S. MONTEAGLE

THE Monteagle carries a large amount of cargo and promises to be steady. The bow is freighted with lumber for Japan and there is lead in the hold. The "boys" are Chinese and they are everywhere, in their loose black jackets, white stockings and slippers.

We stayed on deck until "lights out"—ten p. m.—and wrote letters—the last until we reached Japan.

**Sunday.**—Mass at six in the ladies' room. It was good to feel that on our journey across the Pacific we should have that privilege frequently.

At seven the gangplank was put down and all of us went down to say farewell to the last of the Maryknoll Sisters. We turned away rapidly and did not watch closely the machine that carried off Sisters Catherine, Gemma, and Magdalen.

It was a grey day. The breakers were high and we already realized we were not on solid land. The daily letter was a pleasure, and we felt very close as we read the message.

Lunch hour came and we all went as far as the dining-room. Later we sat on deck, but the boat rolled and one by one all sought refuge.

**Monday.**—No Mass—the sea was too rough. Only two of our party were on deck, and they appeared only at intervals. And for the others—all that they wished was solitude.

**Tuesday.**—Sea still too rough for Mass, but if it had not been the "parishioners" would not have numbered more than three.

**Wednesday.**—Mass at seven. And it was with a deeper appreciation of the privilege that the eight knelt in the salon around the little table which served as altar.

**Why not get the Holy Name Society to maintain a Maryknoll catechist in China?**

*Friday.*—Very cold and rough. The *Montcagle* was turning farther north than usual to avoid rough seas. We shall see Aleutian Islands in a day.

*Saturday.*—Began October devotions in our cabin. Each meal is to be followed by five mysteries during Rosary Month, that Our Lady may bless Maryknoll and her mission.

*Sunday.*—Rosary Sunday, and we thought of the Maryknoll chapel. But we had three Masses, and a short conference by Father Superior.

*Monday.*—Aleutian Islands in sight and shortly after Mass we "stole" up to the Captain's bridge—a special privilege Father Superior had secured for us—and saw the snow-capped peaks glistening in the sunlight. The islands were bare and bleak, uneven in their contour. We traveled very close—within a mile or two—for the purpose of geographical observations, we afterwards learned. This clear view of the islands was unusual, for we were farther north than the ordinary line of travel and the day was very clear.

Whales "spouted" out near the horizon line, but they were not friendly enough to show their faces—or their backs. Late in the afternoon we passed the last of the chain of Aleutians—a big hump in the Pacific.

*Thursday.*—There was no Wednesday and our first problem was what we should do with Wednesday's letters. Even though the day was skipped there was no desire to skip the letter.

All at Mass and breakfast, but the course of the morning brought high winds. The sea-legs of most of us are good, however, and we went to the stern and watched "the breaking waves dash high." We sang "Holy God, we praise Thy Name," and then "Maryknoll" was blown back across the waves.

In the afternoon we sat on deck and watched the ship pass through storm into sunshine. A victrola concert was enjoyed in the evening.

*Friday.*—First Friday, and our thoughts went back to Holy Hour at

Maryknoll. But we had Mass, and later our October devotions in our stateroom.

We went to the bridge to see the sunset. It was a glorious golden one.

*Sunday.*—Mass at seven, with the "congregation" somewhat larger. An Episcopalian interested in the Catholic Faith was present, and the Chinese assistant-purser served. Father Superior spoke—on the Catholic's love for the Mother of God, and on her titles which the sea brings back to mind. The day was quiet.

*Monday.*—Another calm, quiet day, uneventful except that the dim outline of a ship was seen on the horizon and a school of porpoises disturbed the calm of the sea. We had *rolls* before dinner and a promise of a typhoon for the morning.

*Tuesday.*—A wild day, and it suited some passengers. Chairs were not safe on deck. There were several slides to the rail. But wild days are the ones most tempting to Maryknollers and a trip to the stern was made before noon. While we were there everyone was sent in because the boat was going to be turned—not back to Vancouver, but out of the typhoon. All day long the waves roared and dashed on deck, but we sat out and enjoyed the might of it all.



"The streets of Yokohama were crowded."

(Continued from page 12, column 2.) drove into one. Magnificent sight, the ocean in. turmoil! But its effects, physical and spiritual, can be much more distressing than that famous combination of cabbage and cold water. A big roller comes along and hoists the ship up on its shoulders and then playfully glides away from under it, and while the boat is wallowing in the trough of the waves a great spume-crested billow splashes over her and washes up and down her decks. And then the poor old Holstein cow and her calf, penned up on the after-deck, wish they were back on the farm.

*Sunday.*—The hurricane still rages, and we are traveling but four miles an hour, Fr. Sweeney enjoying it immensely, the others not so much, and Fr. Paschang least of all. This ocean voyaging, he says, "ain't what it's cracked up to be." The sailors have lots of fun trying to cross the decks between splashes. Several times today the room occupied by Frs. Sweeney and Meehan and Bro. Albert has been flooded.

A very unpeaceful Lord's Day.

*Monday.*—The wind and the waves have somewhat abated, and the sky is clearing up. Fr. Sweeney is wondering now if we couldn't pick up an iceberg, or run across a derelict ship. This cheap magazine literature has a detrimental effect, after all. Fr. Paschang approaching normalcy. He's not sick, but he is far from well.

*Tuesday.*—The ocean is practically calm again. Fr. Murray saw a ship going east this morning early. Very nice to bask in the sun, when it shines, which is not always. That flute player ought to be pretty good at it after a while. He certainly does a lot of practising.

*Wednesday.*—The boat rolls again today and occasional breakers wash the deck. The old cow got tired of having the ocean slapping her in the face all the time and broke out of her stall. Some excitement, anyway. Everybody feeling fine. Fr. Paschang has renewed interest in life and is appearing



IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS AT NIKKO.

regularly at table, whence the food as regularly disappears. Any suggestion as to there being another storm lead annoys Fr. Meehan. However, he claims that this is his idea of nothing to do.

That flute-player is also a gentleman of leisure. And to help him along, our two prosperous Japanese friends and some of the ship's officers, who have a little friendly game of cards with lots of tea and cakes every evening in the saloon just outside our room, set the phonograph to grinding out Japanese songs. *Oh, boy!* sounds as if they keep tapping their mouth or their Adam's apple with their hands while they are singing. We retired to the other stateroom.

**Thursday.**—A new shed was built for the live-stock, and when it was ready old Bossie wouldn't back up onto the platform. Half the crew was trying to induce her to do so, and finally they got a lot of rope, tied it around her horns and legs, and pulled her in. More excitement! Wireless operator says there are lots of ships in the neighborhood, but they must be over the hill.

This ship is very Oriental as to crew, officers, and passengers. Most of them are Japanese who can talk just about

enough English to get you to try a conversation with them, and then after a few "huhs" and shrugs on their part you find it hopeless. Some, however, can prattle along quite well. Anyway they have the advantage, for they can tell what we are talking about, but they could be plotting to stab us in the back before our faces, while we would be supposing they were admiring our good looks.

**Friday.**—Tonight a bunch of the galley-boys and a few passengers put on a little amateur theatrical down in the steerage. We were down for a while, and as far as we could judge the show was pretty good. The rapid-fire dialogue, of course, was all Japanese to us, but the facial expressions of the actors and the laughter of the audience made it evident that their acts were comedies. They were going well at half past eleven, and we don't know when the final curtain was drawn.

**Saturday.**—Well, we have made half the distance between Victoria, Vancouver, and Yokohama. We are cruising just under the Aleutian Islands; this very northern curve makes the course shorter than it would be straight over.

Fr. Murray is helping several of the stewards and "boys" to learn to read and write English. They are very anxious to learn.

One of his pupils asked, "You got wife?" At the negative reply he continued: "None your friends here got wife?" He was assured they had not. He pondered a little, then got a happy thought. "Ah, I know, you no Methodist, you old Church!"

He was told yes, very old. "Did you ever hear of St. Francis Xavier?" Fr. Murray asked him.

He tapped his temple with a thoughtful finger and then said: "Ah, you mean good Francis?"

"Yes," said Fr. Murray, "I belong to his church."

"Ah, yes! Good Francis!" he answered.

It seems the Methodists are quite active over in Japan. This boy had attended their Sunday School for several

years. More than once we have been asked if we are Methodist ministers.

**Monday.**—I did not skip Sunday, because you see there really was no Sunday. We went to sleep on Saturday night and woke up on Monday morning. The only explanation is that in the meantime we crossed the 180 Meridian and so lost a day. Wish the remaining days of this cruise would speed past like that day! Well, there is hope that we shall push into Yokohama next Sunday. This old *Manila* boat is splashing along at 14 and 15 miles per, now, whereas she was only stretching to and 11 miles most of the time heretofore. She is quite heavily laden. The sea is not very boisterous today and we see-saw gently.

**Tuesday.**—Wireless reports from Tokyo last night told of 9,000 houses being submerged by rain and sea-water in that city, and that the storm is now coming out to greet us. There was other wireless news, but mostly political about Japan, and the bulletin is couched in most interestingly confused circumlocutory English. Nothing, however, about Babe Ruth.

**Wednesday.**—The hurricane sent out from Tokyo met us today and the old *Manila* did roll and flounder, and the sea splashed over her fiercely. The dinner table was partitioned into compartments to keep our plates from changing places, while out in the common ground in the middle of the table dishes slid gaily up and down and sideways. Ever and anon the pantry resounded with the rattle and crash of a chinaware avalanche. In the midst of the storm several sailors were re-

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pairing the wireless rigging as nonchalantly as if they were climbing into their bunks. This morning the purser, a rather jaunty gentleman, was strolling up the deck where some sailors were manicuring the boards, and suddenly his feet slid from under him and he hung for a moment horizontally in the air; then a big wave pushed the boat up under him, and he struggled to his feet to chase his cap across the deck. He was a sight to inspire the sailors with hilarious laughter. This evening the storm is still "going good."

*Thursday.*—Rain several times today. Sea is quite calm again. This is said to be a very stormy time of year on this northern route.

Tonight there was another "home talent" performance by the "boys." They are certainly clever actors, and their "acts" are "made up" by them.

*Friday.*—Bright and fair! Most perfect day since we embarked, and the first day that the decks were dry. The steerage passengers came out in goodly numbers, especially the children. Wild ducks and porpoises put a little more life in the scenery.

*Saturday.*—Bright and fair again! This is the day scheduled for our arrival at Yokohama, but we are still over 500 miles away. Fr. Sweeney declares he saw a whale. Openly disputed by some, silently doubted by others. Very pleasant up on deck. The sunset was something to gaze upon, and later the full moon spread a wide path of sparkling silvery sheen upon the gently swelling sea.

*Sunday.*—A peep out of the port-

#### TO HELP OUR STUDENTS.

Fifty or more new students have joined us this year. Many are so placed that they hesitate to appeal to the folks at home for financial aid.

At the Seminary, no tuition is required but each student has considerable incidental expense—clothing, books, etc. Student-aid foundations are maintained to relieve such cases, and additions to these are most useful and acceptable.

holes when we crawled from our bunks revealed to us the shore line of Japan at Kinkasan. It was good to look upon—yet far from Yokohama. Little square-sailed fishing-craft were flitting about us on the deep blue waves, and every now and then a steamer would pass in the distance. Beautiful day, and most of it was spent on deck. Fr. Meehan's binoculars were passed around the company.

*Monday.*—We "hove to" in the harbor at five this morning, and when the fog cleared away there was a sight to gladden the heart; big ocean liners, little ocean liners, tugs, schooners, lighter-boats and fishing boats, flags flying and sails flapping. The port doctors boarded us at eight a. m., and in a little while we moved inside the breakwater.

Our money changed, passports certified, etc., we disembarked about nine a. m. and slowly wended our way townward, greatly to the disgust of a lot of persistent and insistent rickshaw trotters, several of whom followed us, apparently waiting for some one to weaken. We encountered quite a few foreigners, Yokohama being a cosmopolitan city, but they merely honored us with a passing stare. It is a relief to see a strange paleface again, even if it ignores one. The first one I saw, I greeted with a "howdy," but his surprised demeanor cautioned me that it is not conventional, so now I stare as frigidly as any of them.

Well, being hungry, we steered for the Grand Hotel, a noble eating-house right on the Bund, with a grand view of the Bay, and there we had tiffin. Then two of us made our way to the Catholic Mission up on the Bluff, and there we learned that Pere Lemoine had been to the boat, but found we had gone ashore already. We spent the afternoon roaming about the city. Today was the autumn festival, the day the first rice is offered to ancestors, so the foreign houses were closed and the streets were quite crowded. Fr. Sweeney took a trip out to Kamakura to contemplate at the giant Buddha, Diabutsu. We all gathered at the Mission for dinner, which was a



APPROACH TO A PAGAN SHRINE, NIKKO.

dinner, real food and lots of it, not the fancy samples we had to be contented with on the boat. The priests, Pere Lemoine and Pere Lebarbey, were genial and spoke English much better than we could have spoken French. In the evening Brother Jennings of the Marist College and Fr. Walter of the same place, came in to see us and we spent the night at their place.

*Tuesday.*—In the morning took an electric train to Tokyo, about an hour from Yokohama, and then took a taxi to the Cathedral, where we found Archbishop Rey awaiting us. His Grace spoke our own language. One of his priests is quite proficient in German, so Brother Albert could converse loquaciously. The Archbishop is quite jovial and likes to talk about America.

Here we found also Paul Hirata, who had been attending the Seminary, but who is ready to go home to Nagasaki for the winter, after which he expects to return to Maryknoll. We pressed him into service as our guide to Nikko, to which famous beauty spot we went in the afternoon.

Returning to Tokyo some of us lodged at the Archbishop's place and some at the Morning Star School.

## The Chinese Woman.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE in the London "New Witness" wrote four columns of impressions on "The Women of China." He praises them extravagantly and betrays the inadequate knowledge of a tourist in his superlatives. He may be forgiven much, however, as he evidently came to admire, not to blame, and that makes pleasant reading and a better feeling between the East and West.

Yet it has its evil effects. Overmuch praise of any nation at first enkindles interest, then amuses, and finally bores, and in the latter stages loses credence and hurts rather than aids the nation praised. China is peculiarly conducive to misleading conceptions; the land is comparatively unknown to foreigners and is sometimes hastily judged without a clear knowledge of the people, the language, or traditions. Students of character who have lived in China for a score of years, close

to the people, and who are apt at appreciating true values, often disagree in their conclusions on the qualities of the Chinese, but they do so in moderation, and they weigh well the claims of others and their own limitations. Whatever interest lies in Mr. Radclyffe's comment is due to his talent as a writer, not to his facts.

It is a pity that, in considering a pagan nation like China, or the Catholic nations of South America, a Protestant writer lays more stress on their acceptance of modern inventions than on the motives behind their code of ethics.

The Chinese has as admirable qualities as any other man; but no matter how high they be, he is a pagan and his qualities are pagan. Such a statement as Mr. Radclyffe's: "The Chinese woman is the highest manifestation of womanhood the world has yet seen," if it were true would condemn Christian civilization and indict Our Divine Savior as a fraud. What proofs does he give for his conclusion? In China "woman has had time to perfect her guile and completely obliterate any suspicion in the mind of the male that he is being fooled." "I am your slave," she appears to say. That is her diplomacy. She is no slave, but she knows that the male is vain and wants to appear the master. And further on he says: "She does not object to polygamy. Indeed, she rather likes it because if she is a first wife she gets the secondary wives to do more of the housework than she does herself."

With such twaddle he has the coarseness to prefer the Chinese woman to a St. Agnes or a St. Catherine. Apart from any truth that may underlie the above statements, he unfortunately ignores the many fine qualities in the Chinese woman

and chooses cunning and laziness as characteristic of the "highest manifestation of womanhood."

I know too little of the Chinese woman to appreciate her fully, but her noblest qualities are her service of her family, and her modesty. Given a belief in God and love for Him, she may rise to surprising heights in devotion and may become indeed the "strong woman" of the Psalmist, for sanctity is the prerogative of no race, as the Church's calendar bears testimony. The Chinese might well rest satisfied with the estimate of them given by old missionaries long resident among them—that, other things being equal, Heaven will be as thickly populated with Chinese as with any other race. That is no small praise from foreigners and, to my mind, establishes the Chinese on a higher level than any observations of a hurried traveler.

Mr. Radclyffe, as a man of the world, lays stress overmuch on the diaphanous trousers of the Chinese women. Evidently he saw only the new generation of young ladies in the seaports or



at Peking, where they are influenced to some extent by Western styles. Happily the women of the interior, in the smaller cities and towns and more especially in the villages, who are truer samples of Chinese womanhood, wear even in the hottest weather a more modest habit than do most of their European sisters.

Not that the impressive, rigorous modesty of the Chinese necessarily argues against the morals of Europeans, for Christianity, in enthroning woman as queen and mother, has given her a freedom that would shock the Oriental. Neither cloister nor the lattice of a harem, though conducive to privacy, reflects on the morality of others who are obliged by circumstances, as are teaching sisters and women in business, to mingle with the outside world.

When the last word has been said on both sides, it will be found true, I think, that the circumscribed, narrow lives of the pagan women in China are less preferable mentally and spiritually than the freedom of truly Christian women in other countries. Far from being "the highest manifestation of womanhood the world has yet seen," the Chinese woman lacks the grace of the Holy Spirit to enable her to imitate "our tainted nature's solitary boast."



"One 'carry-carry man' would have been more than enough."

### Chiklung—A New Mission.

FRS. FORD and Hodgins paid a visit to West Yeungkong. This Yeungkong is the prefecture, not the city. After November, using Chiklung as a center, Fr. Hodgins will make his home there—the first white man to do so.

Heretofore, missionaries have passed through and made some converts. The French priests at Kochow and Sunyi, Frs. Fleureau, Le Tallandier, and Gauthier, made fruitful visits to points in this section nearest their centers. Sanhue, our most western market, then counted about one hundred. That was twenty to twenty-five years ago, and since then robbers and hard times and deaths and emigration to Singapore have reduced the Christians to a handful. The French and Chinese priests intermittently stationed at Yeungkong, especially Fr. Gauthier, and, during the last three years, the Maryknollers, have not neglected Yeungkong West. The conclusion reached by all was that the pressing need was a resident priest.

We took a night and a day to travel to Chiklung. As the crow flies, it is almost thirty miles. One goes the same distance from New York City to Ossining in an hour or less. There could just as well be a road by land, but at present the land presents only the narrow, ever-changing paths between the rice-fields. The longer route, that calls for four boats and four hours only of walking, is an excursion that suits our restful people.

Two catechists, one boy, and four coolies kept us company. Two of the coolies carried the old catechist and his twelve bottles of medicine and several bunches of herbs that kept him in good spirits during the whole trip. The younger catechist was moving all his effects to Chiklung where he will be stationed permanently with Fr. Hodgins. Otherwise, one "carry-carry man" would have been more than enough for the usual mission Mass-kit and bedding and mess-kit. The boy was treasurer, buying agent, chief cook, and tourist agent. He had

bought especially for the occasion a sun helmet, a highly decorated pajama-like coat and trousers, and a pair of combination cloth-and-straw sandals resplendent with colored beads.

The boats were all unpainted and roughly made. The first, that took us through a shallow stream between fields of green rice and green grass (the kind used in making the rough Yeungkong bed-mats), was poled or rowed. The rowing consists of pushing sweeps forward, the rower standing and facing the prow. Our third boat could not do any poling, although it was provided with running boards along the sides for that purpose. We were out in the ocean and the almost square sails of matting, wetted several times a day, were on good terms with the wind. On this boat we ate the dinner that went with the ticket—dry rice, yard-long string beans half cooked, an omelet (without milk) of duck eggs and of fish well salted, and hot tea served in the padded basket that keeps in the heat like a vacuum bottle. We had rested twice during our walk to the boat for lunch at wayside lunch counters and had found rice gruel most refreshing. Equally so was a Chinese jelly that tastes like barley. Special grasses give the flavor, they say.



"Each family has its boat—its own little kingdom."

We spent the night on the boat. Tired of body from crouching so long under the low rounded roof, and exhausted from drinking too much hot tea, the only safe drink to be had, we were in the mood to welcome sleep. But there were contrary influences—not our flaming red faces (umbrellas and helmets hadn't kept off the sunburn)—but the wakefulness of the Chinese passengers and crew. There was no wind during the night and the sailors kept whistling for the Wind Dragon whose snores were muffled by a heavy coverlet. We thought we detected at times the air of "My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean" and were tempted to join in. The sailors would have thought, however, we were either poking fun at the superstition or practicing it. The boat had several charms for protection at sea, done in Chinese black on heavy yellow paper. They guaranteed, in the name of the thunder-bolt god, help during storms from the auspicious star of Confucius and from the divinities of all temples and waters en route. The pagan priests haven't yet invented a magic paper to save the trouble of whistling for wind.

We might have dozed under the deceitful imagination that we were hearing a lullaby, but the passengers, intent on getting their money's worth out of the excursion (twelve hours on the boat with supper cost twenty cents),

wouldn't stop talking, and our old catechist never sleeps at night. He delivered a four-hour discourse on the Catholic Church, at the same time smoking and chewing a French briar pipe, the gift of Bishop-elect Gauthier. One of his stories illustrated how you can always tell a Catholic by his knowledge of the doctrine about God. A man was charged with a crime before a mandarin at Kochow. He pleaded an alibi and assured his honor's venerable sagacity that he spoke the truth because he was a Catholic. The mandarin said, "Let's see about that," and sent for a catechism. Not being able to answer the important questions, the criminal lost his head.

In the morning we were on the shallow Chiklung River and saw the long line of shops stretched along the north bank. There is no lack of pagodas and temples to cast favorable shadows upon the market's many low buildings.

Chiklung (Weave Baskets) no longer specializes in grass baskets. Wooden sandals it now makes better and cheaper than any other place in South China. A nice pair, with soles and heels six inches thick and cloth tops, costs thirty cents, and they last the most active boy for six months. Their use instead of leather or near-leather shoes in America would save the

average family between fifty and a hundred dollars a year, discourage over-speeding, and provide a handy missile for self-defense.

Yeungkong City is credited with thirty thousand people and has twenty-three streets and some alleys. Chiklung ranks next in size in the Yeungkong prefecture. It ought to have about eight thousand people since, besides alleys, it has eight streets. The Chinese here judge the size of their markets by the number of streets. Chiklung streets have no names like those of the "big city," no *Many Good Men St.*, nor *Unicorn St.* (some educated Chinese think there is such an animal), nor *Dragon St.* (which animal with the demon's eyes some claim to have seen, and many worship, particularly as a rain-god), nor *Happy Temple St.* But the "big city" has no biblical street like Chiklung's "street called *Straight*."

The back door of our shop opens upon the river, making it handy for the dealer in ducks, who has his headquarters in the main room. We shall have no excuse for not enjoying a daily swim with the neighbors, and the stream gives an unlimited supply of not over-clean water for drinking and cooking. The fish and mussels, the latter unusually small, are being caught all day long right under our noses, for us and others. Nets, lines, and even bare hands are so busy that one wonders why the supply does not fail. Frequently there is fishing by torchlight. Always there is plenty to see, as the *Tanka*, the people who live in the boats, are full of life.

They are an aboriginal tribe, speaking an altogether different language from the Chinese. On the land they are like fish out of water. They are said never to intermarry with land-lubbers, but somehow or other their tongue has crept into many villages in the Chiklung section. The Chinese say the *Tanka* speech sounds like that of the Americans. It seems to have no tones. A hardy race, the *Tanka* are untouched by the epidemics that visit our coast, perhaps because they live so much off land. Each family has a boat, its own little kingdom, and, there being plenty of fish, all look better



"New Market" has a good Protestant school. \$200 will buy this building for a Catholic school, and \$15 a month will hire a teacher.

fed than most of our land neighbors. Christianity is, with a few rare exceptions, unknown to them. The only window of our Chiklung house gives the missioner a full view of the village life of some of the boat tribe. The window at present is just the absence of the south wall of the little loft to the shop. Wooden bars can be inserted in holes against robbers.

We spoke of the building as our shop, but it is a sort of conditional gift, for the purpose for which it is handed over cannot be carried out without adding a story or two, and some windows, and many bricks, and much plaster, to the present foundation and walls. The building is meant for school, chapel, priest's house and Christians' room and club, and it would take about \$750 to transform it.

We acted with a high hand, however, as if somebody or some group had already given us the wherewithal. We ordered out the ducks, and asked the paper-money-maker to get another safe place for the silver and gold leaf he pastes on the squares of paper so constantly used for superstitious decoration by the people. He is an opium smoker, anyway, and the odor from his pipe at night was almost as bad as that from the bed-bugs. While waiting for power from America to repair and improve our shop, the Maryknoller with the catechist and boy of all help will be happy in the present loft.

We met one Christian at Chiklung, baptized nearly twenty-five years ago. He gave us a chicken and a wooden pillow. A cloth pillow is hot and sweaty, while the billet of wood is a little hard until used some time. Our old catechist has a folding pillow, the folder being metal and the head-rest of wood. Some Chinese have lacquered pigskin or bamboo paper boxes to ease the head, and others have pretty porcelain ones with a compartment for money and valuables. The Chinese traveler is rarely without his hard pillow, together with his bed mat, teapot, and pipe.

This old Christian could be better instructed. He told of the death of his son and assured us he had not forgotten to give him the last sacraments.

Our younger catechist reminded him that holy water and prayers for the dying and dead are not sacraments. He is the cleanest man we have ever met. He washes ever so many times a day, and when he was with us we had to be speedy about our ablutions to be before him at the water pail. Whenever and wherever he sees water he strips to the waist and is happy, and we never discourage him.

His zeal brought about twenty men to see the Fathers and ask for instructions. He invited several young Protestants, who wanted to know wherein we differed from the *Happy News Religion*. All the sects in China use that name and give a wrong impression of unity. Very few Chinese have any idea of the divisions among Protestants. The American Presbyterians have a school and meeting hall here in charge of a native, but their Chinese name of *Old And Exalted Society* is not used and their followers call themselves *Happy-News-Religion* men.

One of the Protestants hoped we would start a hospital, which is much needed in the town. They advised us, as the old Catholic and our would-be catechists had done, to get higher ground for a permanent location for the central mission chapel, school and residence.

Chiklung suffers once in a while

from floods, and then all shops on the bank of the river get too much water. They say that low shops are sometimes completely covered with water. Under the stimulus of this, we decided a couple of years or so would be enough in the river shop, though once it is repaired, and stories added, the upper portion can be used even in flood season. As the mission grows, our little plot, 60 by 11 feet, and its one building, will not do.

We hunted through the market and environs and saw a number of sites that can be secured for \$600 to \$800, according to size and location. Bricks and logs being imported via Yeung-kong City, at least \$1,000 each will be required for school, residence, and chapel. The immediate need, however, in Chiklung, is to "make well," as the Yeungkongers say, our home by the useful river.

Before leaving the market, by special invitation we had a swim from off one of the sampans (a term used around Canton: here "baby boat" is the name). The water was almost hot and the current surprisingly swift. Nevertheless the *Tanka* men and boys go in several times a day, and wash jacket and trousers, undressing and dressing in the water. They seem to let the clothes dry on them. Women and girls also jump in daily.



"Back Bay" needs a combination chapel, school, and priest's house. \$400 will buy this building, and \$100 will repair it.

We walked to *Sprung Forth*, the next market, in three hours. Every hour "carry-carry men" and chairmen rest five to ten minutes, trying to stop where they can get rice-water. Miles are longer in this section than near *Yeungkong City*, and roads are poorer. The people not only change the narrow paths according to the yearly needs of rice-fields, but they have dammed the *Chiklung River*.

*Big Cake*, which we passed through, is now deserted because it depended on the river. Great entrance arches and streets and two immense temples are all that remain of a once prosperous city. The temples are kept in good repair. We saw only a few men, dressed in loose loincloth and sometimes a large hat, working in the rice-fields that lie amongst the bare hills. Some boys, usually naked, tended water buffaloes. The only birds visible were white herons, and no trees filled out the landscape.

As you near *Sprung Forth* the one tall building that strikes the eye is a pawnshop. It is built to keep out robbers, with only a few gun slits for light and a tower loaded with bricks to throw at besiegers. The risk is almost as great as the interest demanded. All the other houses are shops grouped in one large square and presenting only blank walls outside. Inside the square the shops are more friendly and look upon a common where animals and produce are exposed for sale on market days. The square formation may be good against bad men, but it cuts out every breeze and we sweltered in the public inn.

The inn is a large shop and we had the best room. It was also a sort of common room, free to all who wanted a sip of tea and a smoke. In it we said Mass while the doorway and small window were full of faces. The remark passed around that the priests prayed in Latin. Should you ever come to *Sprung Forth*, be sure it's a market day. The third, sixth and ninth in every ten are days when you can buy something to eat. We had money, but eggs only could be had and that by a special favor.

Men seeking instruction from settle-

教員	校長	胡德耀	周永修
員	長	耀	修
員	長	耀	修
員	長	耀	修
員	長	耀	修

#### ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE OPENING OF ST. THOMAS' SCHOOL, CHIKLUNG.

ments near the market, and villagers from *Big East*, were very polite to us. They begged that we start a school at *Sprung Forth* and have one catechist-school teacher there, and another at *Big East* which has fourteen children and ten men. To lease a shop at the market would take \$50 yearly. It would be a better place than the public inn in which to say Mass, as well as serve catechumens and Christians for a stamping-ground. About ten boys would get a schooling there. Mr. *Enter Heart*, proposed catechist for *Sprung Forth*, is a middle-aged school teacher who has been coming to see us at *Yeungkong* for the last year on feast days. He is fat and jovial. The *Big East* man has longer finger nails and boasts that his father, like himself, never ran a shop or farmed, and knew a heap of characters. In short, Mr. Black is competent to teach in his native village, if anyone in America will keep him in rice. No leasing is needed out his way as his one-room mud-brick mansion will smack more of home to the schoolboys.

The night before we left for *Back Bay* we had our evening smoke outside the inn seated in the midst of many soldiers and others. They wondered at

In the Far East, as elsewhere, a catechist can accomplish much even without the missioner, but the missioner can do little without the catechist.

Can a small parish take upon itself the support of a Maryknoll mission catechist? This kind of co-operation is worth more to the cause than if the support came from a man of wealth.

our queer pipes holding so much strange tobacco, and at our toneless, monotonous speech.

We began to call the hills that had to be crossed "mountains," and the red-faced sun got us wishing we wore as little as the coolies. Even they took longer rests than usual, spending almost half an hour at one farmhouse that sold us a barrel of tea concoction made from large yellow leaves. It tasted like senna tea. The "carry-carry man" kept shifting our baggage and his pole from one shoulder to the other. When Fr. Ford slipped in crossing a stream he found relief in the cooling waters. We were told stories of man-eating tigers in these hills, but the only "animals" we saw were white herons and black ravens. The hills were not entirely bare, pine trees being almost plentiful. And in the lowlands, besides rice, were fields of sugarcane, potatoes and taro. The rice is thinner than that nearer *Yeungkong City*; the farmers here make up by getting one more crop a season.

*Back Bay* itself is surrounded by a woods and approached by a road and not a path, both facts being unique for any market in South China. It may deserve the name *Back*, but it is too far inland to be associated with a *Bay*. The common clan name of its three thousand people is *Hugh*. There are other family names, but they are few and came in by intermarriage. The *Hughs* whom we know are the poorest branch of the family. They gave us the best of welcomes and quartered us with a pagan who employs some of them and is rich in three wives.

This pagan's house has a couple of courts, a five-story tower, and some twenty-five rooms lighted from the inner courts or from small sky-lights not quite a foot square. We were given the Christian parlor (there is another decorated with pagan inscriptions and tablets supposed to hold the souls of ancestors) and a large windowless bedroom finished in sweating cement. The calendar of the Church was pasted on the wall of the parlor, and on a table was a statue of Our Lady. Beautiful views, done in iron, of mountains, and flowers in glass

cases, Japanese scenes in mother-of-pearl, and several pictures of our host decorated the whitewashed walls. The dining table was of rusty iron covered with a cloth that had once been washed. The mantle and settee and clock were marble inlaid with pearl. The clock had one hand, and other large and beautiful clocks in the house were equally in need of repair. The chairs were either folding wooden ones or canvas lounges with adjustable backs. The room was stocked with odds and ends like thermos bottles (some broken), in which our tea was served, and the floor was of red flagstones. In these rooms, as to all others, outside the women's quarters, every living thing had entry, not excepting dogs, pigeons, chickens, and pigs. We must say we never before beheld such clean pigs.

There were five little slave girls who followed our host, his little boys, his first wife and guests about to fan away the flies, which swarmed into the rooms especially when we sat down to eat.

As might be expected every meal was a Chinese feast. We never knew what

a variety of sea-food could be massed on one table. It takes courage to taste fermented baby-shrimp mash, fig-paste made of rice and sweet potatoes, rose-water distilled, and too many others to mention.

Seven of the Hughs received Communion and about thirty others attended Mass and night prayers and a nightly sermon. Twelve are schoolboys whom Little Hing teaches. He is a tall man of the old school who always wears at least three gowns even in the warmest weather and uses a three-foot cigarette holder. With him we inspected the school in a small room which our pagan friend allows the use of in another of his houses. We also had tea in the home of Mr. Neck—which is the English of Hing.

Little Hing rents a room or two in a "fortress" of fifty rooms inhabited by three hundred people or more. It is unlike a New York flat because all live on the ground floor. There are storied towers for defense, but the living rooms have no upstairs. The

roofs have walks partly for defense and also for pleasure. Like an Aztec palace, all the low buildings are ranged round three open squares and cover more ground than many of the very large apartment stores in the Greatest City. All the Back Bay homes are built on the same plan though not quite as large, and it is not difficult to picture feudal knights having a tournament before all the Hughs of the present day. They want us to have one of these smaller forts, together with a large garden, but neither they nor we have four hundred dollars to invest. We hope the pagan who lets us use his rooms continues friendly. His head wife was baptized on what seemed her death bed. Some day we must have a little chapel and school combined, that Catholics can claim as their very own in Back Bay.

A rain storm and small typhoon held us back two days. A form of indoor sports not mentioned in *Snowbound* helped us pass the time. It was an abacus. Of course we could not move



NATIVE CHRISTIAN WOMEN ASSEMBLED TO GREET FR. HODGINS AT ONE OF THE MARY-KNOLL STATIONS.

YOU CAN INCREASE THE FIELD AFAR CIRCULATION.

the balls over the counting frame as quickly and accurately as a Chinese clerk, and that helped the fun; the Chinese made merry over our blunders. We think of the recording angel with a book. Among the Chinese Buddhists, the devils "Short Life" and "Quick Death" consult an abacus before flinging souls from the shaky bridge into the red sea of the ten hells. In the night we played a game of try-to-keep-dry. The roofs leaked; the large doors were never built to keep out a driving rain and the floors were covered with water. Fr. Ford just narrowly escaped a piece of glass loosened from a picture on the wall above the stone couch he kept warm. His appointed bed was under a leak in the roof.

As the carriers complained of the weight of one of their burdens, and a stiff wind made it hard for them, we stretched our legs wherever the road was not too wet. It is good form to walk once in a while and one is glad of the opportunity because the chair gets narrower and shorter and more angular every mile.

The country could hardly be more desolate—no villages in the plain, and fine tracts uncultivated. We went through what had been a large village, but only an immense temple and great granite arches remained. There was one farmhouse where we ate our one meal in the seven hours' trip—onions, rice, and sweet potatoes at four cents a head for all you could eat. Some of the coolies ate ten bowls of rice.

The poor Hughs made us take several boxes of rice and peanut cakes when we set out for New Market. Our pagan friend gave us two beautiful young pigeons and a white heron. All insisted that the Fathers use chairs. They felt a little ashamed that their priests, so unlike Chinese men of standing, who always use the sedan, had walked to *Back Bay* like coolies. Our catechist tried to tell them that we were following in the footsteps of the Apostles and of Christ Himself, and that he—the catechist—did not walk because he was old and feeble.

It was well we took the chairs, for the road was ankle-deep in water and several streams were waist-high. The road was slippery and Fr. Hodgins'

man tumbled him off a ledge, breaking his meerschaum. Now he uses a Chinese water-pipe, the nickelized kind that holds only a pinch of tobacco orthodoxly lighted by a smouldering paper roll which only an expert can blow into a flame. A Western pipe is personal, but every one is at liberty to take a puff out of anybody's water-pipe. The tobacco is always handy in a special compartment of the pipe, and there is a brush and rod for cleaning, and a nippers for fine tobacco.

At New Market we met five Christians. There used to be a hundred but, like others, they have been plagued with robbers and famine. On our property outside the market proper were over fifty pagans, who showed much interest. They have set up matsheds around our little house which they have put to use as a storehouse. They came uninvited from across the river three years ago, because of robbers, and found the hedge of bamboo about our place so good a defense that they took possession of everything within. We had to ask them to remove their vicious dogs and useful water-buffaloes from *St. Anthony's Mission* and use the next few months in establishing elsewhere. The main room of the square building has a brick and cement altar, in need of repair like the rest of the building, from which the soldiers have taken our few bits of furniture. On the wall above and behind the altar is a painting of our crucified Savior, done by a native artist who also did the Chinese inscriptions in the room. Back of the chapel is a little room for the women, the old style that permitted only a peep through a hole here and there.



#### The Maryknoll Pin

##### *The Chi-Rho*

It consists of two Greek letters—Chi (key) and Rho (roe)—the monogram of Christ. The circle symbolizes the world, and the entire emblem signifies the mission of Christ to the world.

Gold plate 25c;  
6 for \$1.00

Gold on red or  
blue enamel, 50c

10-karat gold,  
50c

Gold, pin or  
button,  
\$1.00 and \$2.50

Silver pin, 75c

THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE

We cleaned up a little room and made some beds with the removable Chinese doors and then looked for some supper. If you like much to go with your rice we can't recommend *New Market* (a very old market, by the way) for only on market days can you buy eatables, and then not much of a variety.

Several pagan boys were in admiration at the calisthenics of one of the Maryknollers, whom we never suspected could possibly walk on his hands, and they asked when our school was to open. We heard of three Catholic boys who could not leave their water-buffaloes and who have not yet had any schooling. A couple of hundred dollars would make the present building almost as attractive as the Protestant school taught by a native, and give the missioner a room where he could stay for two weeks at a time and visit near-by villages. Robbers would probably respect the school and the priest if he didn't carry anything too valuable, like a gun. The squatters had a night patrol to guard their house and cattle. The volunteer police in the neighborhood might help out provided you didn't object to their taking fruit and the like. And the great bamboo hedge about the property is useful. This is one use of bamboo not mentioned by the wise man in Jules Verne's *Abandoned*. After he mentions that it's good for baskets, paper, canes, pipes, cups and building material, food and drink, he says that's all. We have seen it used for string and clothes-pins and torches, and after any enumeration would not dare to say, "that's all."

It took only five hours to reach our center, the coolies stopping but once as there were no refreshments for sale. Our heron survived the journey but couldn't abide the river shop.

At last we were on the boat back to Yeungkong City, paying a tax for protection. This is at the rate of fifty per cent of the fare, but no soldier goes with the boat; their promise is as good as the deed. At any rate, everybody thought of pirates, and the scared boatmen came around with lanterns before three in the morning. They couldn't find anything so they just asked for passage tickets.

## At The Maryknoll Hearth.

THE Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin was a day of note in the lives of forty young Maryknollers. Three auxiliary brothers and thirty-seven students received cassocks and cinctures, the uniform of the army of Christ.

The investing with the cassock signifies that the wearer is dead to what the material world holds dear. Outsiders may imagine that such a step is painful, because it means the giving up of much. Others incline to the view that one who has "put on Christ" has thereby estranged himself from his family circle.

How contrary is the reality! So far as material loss is concerned, the soldier of Christ has gained infinitely more than he has given up. With the peace and joy that comes from intimacy with the Master and the privilege of association in His work is added the only recipe for natural happiness—doing good to others. As for becoming lost to one's family, those who dedicate themselves to God as priests or religious, by that very fact signify their intention of never sharing their affection with any other than the members of their family. Those who marry have divided affections: the Soldiers of Christ can belong entirely to their own.

"Maryknoll" spells devotion to Our Blessed Lady, and her favorite feast, that of The Immaculate Conception, on December 8, was a day of joy for us, particularly for the Maryknoll Sisters.

For on that day, the usual festal solemnities forming an appropriate and beautiful setting, twenty-two young women dedicated their lives to God and His work for saving souls in pagan lands, and received from Bishop Dunn of New York, the "Mary-



OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS AT MARYKNOLL.

ORDINATION.

O BROTHER, we are mute in face  
Of God's great love and urgency;  
O'erawed and dumb, we cannot trace  
The wonders God hath wrought in  
thee.

The speeding Hands thy gift have  
caught.  
When, virgin-vowed to purity,  
The chastened flesh to Christ was  
brought,  
Espoused for all eternity.

God took thy little all and raised  
Thee high above the angel band,  
Who bow in awe at thee, amazed,  
For thou art mighty to command.

Another Christ thou art, to lead  
The weary, foot-sore to God's throne,  
To call God earthwards and to feed  
Us Bread That giveth life alone.

Thy pow'r transcending mortal ken,  
Thy chrism'd hands and potent speech,  
Beyond the tongue and hands of men,  
To God's own Court insistent reach.

Ah! Brother, use thy boundless strength  
For us and for the blinded East,  
That thousands gained for Christ at  
length  
May praise with thee th' Eternal  
Priest.

—F. X. F., China.

knoll Bishop," the habit of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, a fitting tribute, surely, to Our Lady on her great feast!

Only a few months ago thirteen other candidates were similarly received, and we are told that at least twenty-five more postulants are eagerly looking forward to their own reception on March 25. Although formally recognized by the Church only in February, 1920, the Maryknoll Sisters have already outstripped "masculine Maryknoll." At the present writing they are doing mission work in China, assisting at our Preparatory College near Scranton, Pa., and conducting schools for the Japanese in Los Angeles and Seattle; to say nothing of their indispensable contributions to the various activities at the Maryknoll center—where, by the way, the bulging convent walls protest against any further increase to the community.

He who runs may read—and stop to think. If the sisters are to continue their present rate of increase, as every mission-lover devoutly hopes, God must inspire generous friends to assist them in the erection of a new and commodious convent.

Owing to the kindness of the Most Reverend Michael J. Curley, D.D., recently installed in the primal American see at Baltimore, Maryland, another addition has been made to the Maryknoll priesthood by the ordination of Rev. Joseph C. Stack. Fr. Stack, a native of Washington, D. C., was well known there as a patent-attorney when he decided to consecrate his life to the foreign missions.

Though priests are needed in the Baltimore archdiocese, we feel confident that its representation

## THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1922



THE MARYKNOLL MOON ALSO SHINES ON THE HUDSON.

in the fields afar will bring the supernatural reaction—added vocations to the ministry at home.

Although the Epicureans were very pagan folk, we must nevertheless confess to a hankering for the genuine, old-fashioned Christmas dinner. As you may know, all our meals at the Seminary—for over one hundred persons—are cooked on an ordinary long-and-hard-lived "Sterling" stove in an ordinary old-style farm-

house kitchen. But, shades of Turkey—what a sight greeted our eyes and what a fragrance assailed our nostrils as we entered our two-by-four refectory on Christmas Day! Just how the good sisters engineered such a sumptuous feast in spite of the many obstacles to its construction is still a matter of mystery and wonder in these parts. We do know, however, that some very essential and bird-like details on the bill of fare were the gifts of generous friends in the village—may they be with us for many more Christmases!

All's well along the Hudson, thank you. Of course that's not saying everything is perfect, or that we would not be depressed if a bandit stole the mail-bag that brings our monthly bills. Still as we watch the old year fade away into the distant horizon of the past we follow him with prayers of gratitude for all he brought to Maryknoll: a rich load of blessings spiritual and material; precious graces, vocations in America, conversions in China; a host of warm friends and generous helpers; a material growth in all the Maryknolls at home, the birth of several new ones in the China mission field; a general good health in all the communities; and

a growing satisfaction in seeing the cause of the missions ever becoming more widespread and hastening the day of national effort.

Turning to the future, we have no fear, but only the confidence that it is God's will that all should "have the Gospel preached to them," and that Maryknoll will grow according as He wills. Whether successes or trials predominate in the contest of 1922, either will serve to glorify Our Father Who is in Heaven.

Perhaps it is the wish being grandfather to the thought: again it may be only a very unreasonable optimism, or the remembrance of our "glorious past;" but, whoever is to blame, we must confess to a confident expectation that things are going to "pick up" in 1922, that the grounds of idleness will settle in the coffee-pot of industry, and that the Maryknoll ship-of-state will sail on at full speed ahead by the twin turbines of prayer and effort—effort on our part to break the 1921 record for progress, and effort on your part to supply the fuel for our effort.

The weather forecast is clear—and, as the cannibal said when he found the cook-book—"the future is full of possibilities."

We can never repay those good priests who are aiding us as professors in the days when our number is still small. Their valuable assistance is constantly felt and deeply appreciated. Their presence has made it possible to increase our personnel on the field.

The latest acquisition, Dr. Patrick J. Lydon, is a priest of the diocese of Duluth who has been permitted to come to us by Bishop McNicholas, our steadfast friend who has already done so much for Maryknoll.

Dr. Lydon has served his diocese as chancellor and rector of the Cathedral; he comes now from Rome where his special studies in moral theology have



THE OLD SEMINARY IN ITS CHRISTMAS COAT.

YOUR DOLLAR WILL HELP BUILD

OUR COLLEGE.

# THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1922

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won for him his doctorate. He brings to his work not only ripe scholarship and practical knowledge of men and affairs, but also a temperament that needed but the contact of a day to establish its kinship with the Maryknoll spirit. His jovial and happy disposition is infectious, especially in his classes, which are the antithesis of monotony. Ask the students.

Maryknoll is a good "barometer" of industrial conditions—because our periods of prosperity and adversity reflect the financial standing of our many friends, who help us when they can, and would like to when they can't. The present slump is keenly felt at the Knoll, necessitating the suspension of several operations demanded by our "growing pains," but, until the last arrived foe expires, we are going to press our campaign for "roof on." In the accompanying picture is the frontispiece of the structure as seen by the possible benefactor wandering along the Maryknoll Post Road. Such a person would probably be distracted by the numberless possibilities appealing to the pocket-book of anyone interested in seeing this section completed. However, the Editor would graciously restrain your enthusiasm, kind friend, to a consideration of the number of students' rooms still looking for patrons. The cost of building and finishing an individual room is \$500. The names of such benefactors will be engraved on brass plates fastened to the doors, to remind the students of the friends whose generosity enables them to prepare for the missionary priesthood, and to insure prayers for the donors.

Speaking of fuel reminds us that we have on ice a bill that reads: for coal \$1036.58. It isn't that we're so fearfully cold-blooded, kind reader, but rather that we're on top of a young mountain, the honored guests of

every wind that blows, and with a compound that embraces eight separate and individual buildings—for students, sisters, brothers; office buildings, garage, and other refrigerators.

The only time in the year that we envy the pastors is when we realize so poignantly our inability to announce and take up a coal collection. At such times we offer sincere thanks for our missionaries—that they dwell in winterless climes where the coal burneth not, and their troubles come from rain.

We Maryknollers are inclined to regard the stones of our new building as precious because of the great end and cause they serve. A great number of them are precious, besides, for the generous cooperation that they signify and the sacrifice that they bespeak on the part of Maryknoll's friends.

It is a far cry back to the early Church when Christians shared their all in common, but surely the concerted effort of Maryknoll's thousands of friends, in helping us to live and to grow, manifests a Christian unity and charity not far removed from that which flourished in Apostolic days.

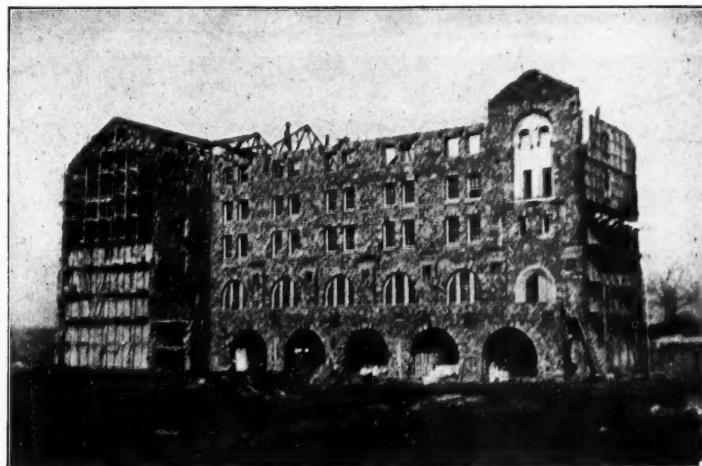
**Seal your envelopes with our new Maryknoll Seminary Seal.**



DR. LYDON, WHO MAKES EVEN CANON LAW INTERESTING.

*America is regarded by the middle class of Japanese as the great university country in which Oriental students can best and most quickly acquire a working knowledge of Western civilization. The Japanese are ambitious to gain a technical and scientific instruction, and the land where such instruction can best be gained is America.*

—Fr. McNeal, S. J., of Tokyo.



THE NEW SEMINARY IN EARLY DECEMBER.

EVERY DOLLAR STONE ENLARGES THE SEMINARY.

## Preparatory College Gossip.

MY, but we have been having lots going on down here at the Maryknoll Preparatory College! Things started humming the week of Thanksgiving. On the Monday of those eventful seven days we had a holiday in honor of Blessed Theophane Venard, our patron and model. It was his birthday and we celebrated it with a vengeance. One of the boys said we couldn't have a better time if Theophane had been twins. All rules were suspended and our rector said the lid was away off of everything but the storeroom, but judging from the eats we had someone pried off the lid of the storeroom.

The sisters were given a holiday and had a good time in the convent, and so we had to do all the cooking. A gang of culinary experts was rounded up and dished up a *humdinger* breakfast. We had a dandy dinner with brick ice cream n'everything, and at night we made a feast on pancakes swimming in syrup. One of the strong armed cooks swore that he had flapped over three hundred cakes by actual count and was glad that he could eat with his left hand as well as his right or he would have starved to death during the next few days.

Then two days later Thanksgiving swung around and we surely enjoyed it. It was rather rainy and so the outdoors was not inviting, but most of us had plenty to do getting ready for the big event of the evening. The Venard Minstrel Show was staged at night and proved a decided success. The interlocutor presided, with high silk hat and full regalia. From "Gentlemen, be seated" to the "grand finale" the audience was thrown into



an uproar by the antics of the end men or carried away by the sweet harmony of the colored songsters. After the final curtain mince pie and cocoa were on the program.

There was one day of school after Thanksgiving, and then our regular week-end vacation appeared on the horizon, when we studied hard in review and were handed our monthly exams. On December 8 we honored the Blessed Virgin with a holiday and then started the final stretch for the mid-year examinations.

Mild weather during the interim made it possible for us to prolong our series of basketball games. We have an outdoor court just back of the power house, and we certainly have some lively tussles. Each class has a team and so has the faculty. One

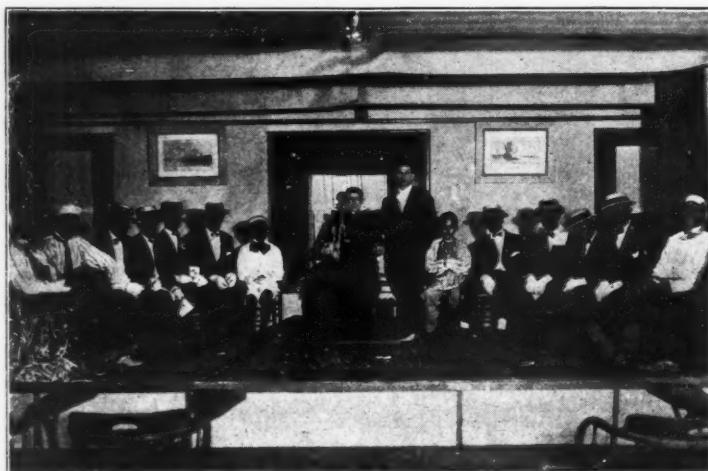
time the fourth-year team played rings around the professors, and the only recourse the pedagogues had was to call for recitations from only fourth year men in the afternoon classes that day.

Cold weather or snow failed to frighten the weekly hikers, and every Saturday they have started out on their all day jaunts. The sisters in the kitchen always pack plenty of good chow for them, but one member of the faculty who never misses a hike has the splendid habit of adding to the menu with choice tidbits. It was a long time before some of the stay-at-homes learned why the hikes were so popular.

As Christmas neared *tempus futilis*, and brains worked overtime. The regular class work had to be done, the exams prepared for, the Christmas play rehearsed and plans for home-goings completed.

"A Christmase Mysterie Playe," written by Msgr. Benson, was our Yuletide dramatic offering and proved well worthwhile. Several carols written by Fr. Finn, of Paulist Choir fame, were sung in connection with the play and added much to the presentation.

The classes and exams were wound up on December 23; then the fun began. Trunks were opened, cherished clothes pulled forth, and best bibs and tuckers brushed up. Pullman reservations were made and grips packed. On Christmas Eve the band of carolers with their portable organ serenaded the residents of the nearby village, and then returned to the College where they sang at Midnight Mass. The whole chapel was pungent with the odor of freshly cut evergreens which covered the walls. After the Great Sacrifice



MARYKNOLL BOOKS WILL BE WELCOME GIFTS.

# THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1922

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we repaired to the refectory and attacked a mountain of doughnuts, chocolate, and all sorts of indigestibles. Then Santa himself appeared with a huge sack of gifts, and each one of us came forward to receive an appropriate present emphasizing some weakness or habit and to be howled at by the merry throng. About three a.m. we shuffled off to bed to dream of goblin doughnuts chasing Santa Claus through a cave of chocolate creams.

After a deep sleep we rose for a community High Mass and another of thanksgiving. On Christmas night the play was given, and then the grand exodus began with a wild crowd of singing boys disappearing over the hill on a sea-going hayrack.

**VENARD LAND.**  
*This land is being "sold" at one-half-a-cent a foot.*  
 Total area ..... 6,000,000  
 "Sold" to date ..... 1,556,744  
 Yours to secure—for the Venard. 4,443,256

**Special cards are designed for those who would "purchase" land at Maryknoll or The Venard. Send for one of each.**

**GIFTS RECEIVED.**  
 Bulbs; altar linens; books; new vestments; rosaries; medals; holy pictures; statue of St. Anthony; household linens; carbon paper; table silver; victrola records; missal; books; statue of the Holy Child; cloth; watch; old gold and jewelry from Mich., Pa., Conn., N. Y., Mass.

## PLEASE pray for the souls of:

Ann Carrigan	Mrs. A. W. Ramsay
Peter Carrigan	B. Teresa Kearney
Mrs. Bird	Mrs. Ellen Sullivan
Kate Moore	Mrs. Mary A. Weber
John Harrington	Cornelius Donovan
Mrs. May	Mrs. Clara A. Weber
Annie Moran	Timothy J. Morgan
Mary C. Foley	Alice M. Pierce
Thomas Kerrigan	Mrs. Bessie Furlong
Thomas Prendergast	Mrs. E. Hetherington
Mary Conway	Franklin L. Caffrey
Hugh McDonnell	John Kehoe
Mrs. Mary Shea	John O'Donnell

## CURRENT APPEALS.

Seminary Foundation (Reserved for priests)	\$ 9,802.54
Stones in Seminary Wall.....	16,331.98
Memorial Rooms in New Seminary	9,890.25
Bricks in Venard College Wall...	6,203.27
Seminary Tower.....	121.19

## NEW PERPETUALS.

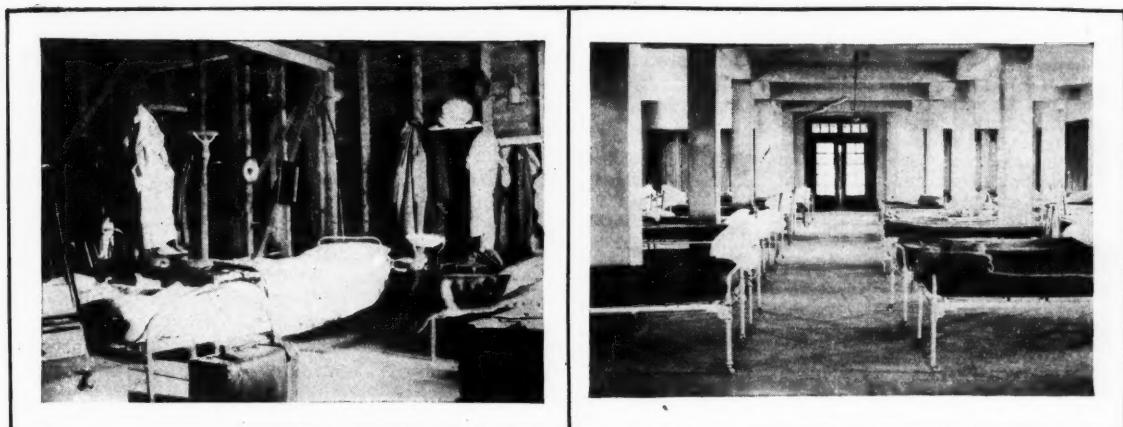
**Living:**—G. J. H.; J. F. D.; E. D. F.; L. W. B.; M. T.; Mrs. M. W.; M. H.; B. McG.; E. A.; I. R. B.; Mrs. J. O'B.; B. J. R.; M. K.; J. B.; I. L. McG.; A. H. E.; M. S.; J. L.; B. B.; J.; H. E. H.; M. E. D.; R. M. B.; Mrs. M. J. K.; Mrs. M. G. L.; T. Q. L.; M. B.; Mrs. B. C.; M. C.; Mrs. B. T.; Mrs. M. C.; M. A. L.; H. M.; S. G. McK.; M. J. W.

**Deceased:**—Rev. J. V. Ruddy; Sr. Mary James; Eleanor Wiegers; Mary A. Barry; James Ford; Michael Barry; Amann family; Mr. and Mrs. Brennan; Mrs. Mary A. Garland; William J. Hanlon; James B. Maguire; Mrs. Eliza Parker; Mrs. Ellen Hart; Larkin family; Sarah Donahoe; Mrs. Annie Doyle; Quinlan Leary; James E. Beanton; James E. Clancy; King family; Michael Lane; Ball family; Toye family; Mrs. S. G. McKiernan; Mrs. Martha Coman.

1915

DORMITORIES

1922



Six years ago Preparatory College students did not have things quite as comfortable as they have now. The present rows of neat beds in sunny dormitories contrast strongly with the temporary quarters provided for the first students.

H A V E      Y O U      A      M A R Y K N O L L      P I N      O R      R I N G ?



# THE MISSION MARYKNOLL CIRCLES

To Our Circle Members, Maryknoll Sends  
Best Wishes for  
A Happy and Blessed New Year.

*"Let us love one another, for charity is of God."*

*—Epistle of St. John, 4, 7.*

DOES the above quotation appeal to you? Why not take this as our headlight for the coming year?

A hearty welcome to our new Circles! During the past month the good news has come that several new Circles have been formed.

We were very happy to receive the following message from our house in Los Angeles, California.

Sunday afternoon, October 30, there was a meeting of the ladies at the Maryknoll Convent, which resulted in the formation of the Maryknoll Circles in Los Angeles. Twelve Circles have been established—eleven of them under the direction of a local secretary and the twelfth to be composed of members who will work or contribute individually.

Two of the Circles have undertaken to secure ten cents a week for six months for the Maryknoll Sisters in China: one Circle is to devote its time to mending for the Japanese Home in Los Angeles, and another will provide a Christmas treat for this Home: one is a Mite Box Circle, and still another will collect stamps and tinfoil: the remaining Circles have not as yet determined their line of action.

We, the Eastern Circles, bid you welcome, our sister Circles of the West.

Other new Circles are: *Minneapolis Chapter Maryknoll Circle*, of Minneapolis, Minn.; *St. Helena Circle* and *St. Aloysius Circle*, of New York; *St. Catherine's Cir-*

*cle No. 2*, of Irvington, N. Y. The young ladies of St. Mary's Academy, Providence, R. I., have started a Circle but as yet have not decided upon its name.

*St. Teresa's Circle* of Tarrytown, N. Y., is faithful to the catechist it is supporting. This kind of help is most welcome to our missioners in China.

*The Immaculate Conception Circle* of Meriden, Conn., is planning a homemade-cake-and-candy sale. This is a young Circle, just three months old, yet it has big ideas, which include the adopting of a Maryknoll student.

*St. Catherine Circle No. 1* is always thoughtful of Maryknoll's needs and each month sends its check for \$15.00 for the support of a catechist in China. Other offerings have also come in from its generous members in the form of Mass intentions and *FIELD AFAR* subscriptions.

The members of the *Virgin Mary Mission Club* of New Bedford, Mass., have given several donations of household linens to the missions of Maryknoll. This club has been zealous in its efforts to spread the work of Maryknoll and has been its firm friend for several years.

The members of the active *Heart of Mary Circle* have taken a room in the new Seminary and recently sent in a check for

\$200.00 toward the \$500.00 needed for this purpose. This donation was the result of a fair held to raise the amount and the success of the enterprise was due to the hard work and the self-sacrifice of the members.

The *St. Aloysius Circle* (N. Y.) has taken upon itself the making of over two hundred and fifty colored balls for our Japanese Kindergarten in Seattle. The balls are knitted over a firm substance, all colors being used. Many lessons can be taught by our sisters with these little balls, and we are grateful to the members of *St. Aloysius Circle* for their cooperation in this work.

*St. Bridget's Circle* of Worcester, Mass., has been doing big things for Maryknoll. The latest achievement was a very successful rummage sale, with the splendid returns of \$140.00. This Circle is ever watchful for Fr. Cairns, who came from Worcester; and reports from China make us believe that he is very happy to have the protecting wing of *St. Bridget's* reach out to *Box 595, Hong-kong*.

Another Circle always mindful of the needs of Maryknoll is *Our Lady of the Maryknolls Circle* of New York City. Its members are not only supporting one of our students, but have decided also to take a room in the new Seminary. Their first payment of \$50.00 was made in November.

# THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1922

29

It was accompanied by prayerful good wishes which in themselves are priceless gifts. The Maryknoll Orchestra is heard nightly on the hill-top, and the big bass-drum which has caused such joy to the musicians is the gift of this generous Circle. Other offerings have been received, together with Mass intentions and FIELD AFAR subscriptions.

In a recent issue we introduced you to "Marie," and told you of her plans. Now we wish to tell all those good people who have cooperated with the above young lady what joy has come to the hearts of the Maryknoll Sisters. At this writing over \$300 have come to the Circle Director for the many needs of Mother Mary Joseph and her community. Of course, this is not the "endowment fund" that our many needs demand, but it shows that the little community of Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic has many warm friends with big hearts and willing hands. We are indeed grateful, and send a big "Thank you!" and a "God bless you all!"

*We shall appreciate greatly all donations of WOOL in any color. There are nearly two hundred in our family at Maryknoll and the cold days are coming. So send all donations early, that we may be prepared when Jack Frost comes.*

With a long roster of students here and at The Venard, we suggest that some of the Circles make surplices (of lawn or nainsook, untrimmed) for them. This need, presented a year ago, met with a generous response. For the Maryknoll priests, plain linen albs without trimming will be greatly appreciated. If you are interested, write the Circle Director for measurements.

Despite prohibition everyone enjoys an occasional dream. Of late we have had a wholesale lot,

and though of course we are good Catholics and don't believe an inch of them, still we can't deny the hope that they'll come true—at least in part. For we've been dreaming in circles; or rather about Circles—each named for one of our missionaries in China and working zealously to support a catechist and send an occasional bit of cheer to their missioner. Or, to vary the monotony of Circle life, the same helpful apostolate could adopt one of our sisters in the foreign field. Certainly there are enough big hearts and willing hands to form Circles for all. It is just a question of "Someone starting it." Stop, look, and listen to St. Patrick's motto: "Do it now."

Don't forget the Student Aid fund for Maryknoll and The Venard. We do not wish to refuse any worthy applicant, for financial reasons. Yet many are willing to devote their lives to the foreign missions, but cannot consummate their sacrifice without a long and expensive course of training for which they are unable to pay. They are consequently hoping to be chosen by some Circle and to be assisted by them as their adopted proteges. Do it now, send word that you want a boy—we can even supply you with twins if you want them, and let them be able to look back on their Seminary days as the happiest of their life. If you in turn wonder why great blessings are always coming to you, it will be due to the prayers of your adopted boy in foreign fields. Who knows but that you might even be helping a future martyr?

More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of;  
For so the whole round earth is every  
way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet  
of God.

—Tennyson.

For information write to:  
The Circle Director,  
Maryknoll-on-Hudson, New York

## MARYKNOLL-IN-CHINA WANTS

*Hamon's Meditations*, or any other complete series for a year's meditations. *Le Buffe's My Changeless Friend*, vols. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. (I have vol. 1.) *Newman's Poems*.

*Biographies of St. Francis Xavier*, especially that by Coleridge. Also, Coleridge's *Life of Our Lord*.

Any books, preferably meditation books, on the Psalms.

The above will do for this time.  
Gratefully,

—F. X. F., *Yeungkong*.

## Crucifix for the altar.

*Vestment case*. The one we are using belongs to one of our missions. We can have a good one made for a Liberty Bond or its value—\$100. And a Chinese brass plate will remind all priests who say Mass here to pray for Mr. or Mrs. or Miss Generosity. (Is that yourself?)

*Three priedieus*. These can be had for \$20. If you know somebody who wants to be the financier for these chapel requisites, "the sooner the quicker."

*Monstrance*. If a priest or a religious community is purchasing a new monstrance we shall be grateful for the old one.—R. J. C., *Hongkong*.

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## The Book of Baptisms.



AM the Book of Baptisms.

I rest on a dusty shelf in Yeungkong, China, thinking over my thirty years of life. For a book, I am old, and my coat is worn and my countenance a bit wrinkled with age. I have put in my faithful service, carefully protecting my portion of the history of Christ's Church in pagan lands and successfully withstanding the attacks of insects and dampness.

There are two of my brothers on the shelf with me, but the priest who is in charge of us likes me best. He often comes to me and tenderly gazes at my poor pages. He can see that there is refinement in the faded handwriting and that although there was a foreign stroke to the pen the history recorded is of equal importance to European, Asiatic, or American.

It makes me glad in my old age to know that the story I guard gives this priest added encouragement and that it sings the praises of those in whose steps he is following.

My pages tell of only six hundred baptisms, apparently, but to the person whose eye is illumined with the spirit of God the entries eulogize the advance of Christ and His apostles in pagan China.

The Yeungkong mission is not old. Its real founder, Bishop Gauthier, has but recently celebrated the silver anniversary of ordination. The first convert is still a pious Christian, though the first chapel no longer stands; it was burned to the ground two years ago by robbers.

The registers number 1360 baptisms of adults, of whom half have since been killed by robbers or have emigrated to Singapore. Today there remain several hundred living and they form the nucleus of our own new mission work.

But look at my first page. You read that on October 24, 1889, Fr. Fleureau baptized his first converts, three in number, sons of Paul Fung, the first Christian in Timpak and a hard worker for souls. Paul's conversion is noteworthy. Seeing by chance a Catholic catechism in an old book shop, he bought it, and after reading it decided to search for further information. He was told that a priest would pass the night on a certain date in a market eighty miles away. He walked the whole trip to see the priest. He was baptized in 1888 and returned to his village. Bishop, then Father, Gauthier soon after baptized the sixty inhabitants of the village and later erected a chapel there, the first in the present district. This village was placed under the care of the priest at Sancian Island, a seven days' journey distant, which will give an idea of the extent of territory covered by one missioner in those days.

Fr. Fleureau in his first year of work in this district baptized three pagans. The record concerning them is a simple statement and reveals little of the patient work in overcoming opposition to the new religion. Perhaps the tale of the next five years is more convincing, with a record of two adults converted. What red-letter days they were when the priest sat down to inscribe the two names! I can see him in his little mudbrick room after the ceremony—for then there was no chapel in these parts—his surplice laid aside, and the flustered new-made Christians awkwardly answering the questions as the priest wrote in the foreign script. I'm sure the priest prayed hard for these men, for their lives since have been worthy of Christians.

It is no small trial to live in an entirely pagan community for five years with only two conversions to record. It shows the natural

conservatism of the Chinese, and argues well for their perseverance once converted. But the record speaks more to me of the incurable optimism of the early French missioners. They must have been gifted with lively imaginations and an abundance of God's grace, to keep up the fight with so little to show for their pains. Perhaps they saw with the eyes of faith the hundredfold return that has since comforted them.

### REGULATIONS FOR USING THE MOTOR CAR IN THE CITY OF PYENG YANG, KOREA.

(As sent out by the Police Dept.)

1. You must drive your automobile at the speed of eight knots per hour on the city road, and at twelve knots per hour on the country road.
2. In narrow place of road corner and bridge speed slowly.
3. When you see the policeman throwing up his hands you must drive in front of him.
4. When you pass the corner and the bridge ring the horn.
5. When you get ahead of the passenger on foot or the cow or the horse, you must ring the horn.
6. When you meet the horse or the cow speed slowly and take care to ring the horn and not be afraid of them. Drive slowly when you meet the horse and the cattle, do not make them afraid, and carefully make the sound. If they afraid the sound, you must escape a little while at the side of the road till they pass away.
7. When you drive the motor car do not leave the driver's seat and take care lest unexpected trouble happen.
8. Do not drive the motor car when you get drunk and do not smoke in the driver seat.
9. When two cars are driving in the same road if there is another car in front of yours or behind yours you must keep 60 yards away from him, if you go ahead ring horn and pass him.
10. When you cross the railway wait until the cars and train pass through.
11. When anything the matter with your car you go police-station and tell him.
12. When you want to have a driver or exchange another your must enclose driver's address, career, and age,
13. You must never put overload on your automobile. The licensed capacity of your Ford is five persons—two in front house and three in the back house.

(Continued from page 5.)

other in the semi-darkness; indeed they even exchanged a greeting as befits Christians on the birthnight of their Lord.

Father Frois was vesting for the Mass, happy though tired after a day well filled with visits to both camps to absolve the men, and on his return there had been the humble decoration of the altar and the lights. The altar shone in gilded traceries of delicate workmanship, and golden maple leaves—the only flower possible in this season—were peeping through pine branches gathered on the sandy hills of Wakanoura. In contrast with the bleak outdoors, the lighted church was gay and warm and the armor of the soldiers added flashes of color as they marched into the holy place.

The missioner's face was beaming while he watched the red-robed altar boys form for the procession, but it quickly paled with consternation when within the chapel could be heard harsh words and the clash of steel.

The soldiers of each camp had

just recognized their enemy in the glare of the altar lights, and instinctively all swords were bared and angry samurais sprang up, forgetful of the sanctity of God's house, to battle with their foe.

In louder tones than ever he had used before, Fr. Frois cried: "Halt! How dare you draw a sword in the very presence of Our Lord! Are you after all no better than the heathen? I am ashamed of everyone of you. You meet here as Christians, not as foes, and must observe a truce of God. Is this your preparation for Our Savior's Birth? Kneel down—all of you—and ask with me forgiveness of your sin!"

The soldiers hesitated for the moment, so deeply was the fighting blood aroused, but the majestic presence, robed in white and gold, of their common father won the day and, abashed, the samurais softly sheathed their swords and knelt.

It was over in a moment, and the Father's face relaxed as he stood up to sign himself for Mass.

When he intoned the "Gloria" and the tinkling bells announced glad tidings of peace on earth to men, the faces of the soldiers, too, revealed their emotion. The sermon at the Gospel was a gentle one that caught the fancy of the warriors and took them back two years before the war, when last they had been friends, and as they joined, in our own sweet tongue, with the celebrant at the "Pater Noster" the even-toned, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," vibrated from their lips and filled their souls with peace. They approached the Holy Table two by two, who had been enemies until tonight, and the Prince of Peace abode with them.

The blessing given and the priest unvested, a novel scene began. Elizabeth, queen of Philip II of Spain, had sent the missionaries a *Bambino*, sweetly carved in ivory; and at the Manger, made of reeds from the shore of Waka, where the sacred storks abound, the Christian samurais now knelt in silent adoration.



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It was an awkward situation for them all. Their sudden angry outburst, and just as sudden subsidence, had left these hardy natures deeply moved. But Father Frois again relieved the tension by inviting all to join him at the house. There was spread a feast, an "agape" such as the early Roman Christians joined to the Holy Sacrifice.

The Lord within their breasts, the chivalry native to the samurais, and the good cheer set before them, warmed all hearts, and it was a sweet sight to Father Frois to see an erstwhile enemy passing pleasantries with his neighbor. As they rose to go, the acolytes without the door took up the ancient hymn so popular in Spain, "Corde natus ex parentis ante mundi exordium." Their boyish voices were clear in the still night air and the samurais stood reverently by, forming two lines that reached from the shining doorway till lost in the night beyond. A moment's silence, then instinctively all swords were raised and the Father stood out to bless them. They turned to look across the path at their foe and with a smile saluted one the other.

It was a quiet band that quit the chapel door for camp. Our Holy Religion for at least one night had arrested the two years' war to greet the Prince of Peace.

#### FROM OUR UNKNOWN CHUM.

I am attaching a cashier's check for \$250.00. This money is to be given to help pay for the education of some young man who wishes to become a priest or missionary father.

In return for this money I would like some prayers offered up to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a great favor which I want. Pray that the favor may be granted to me and that I may be worthy of it and lead a good life. If possible please make a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and remember me at Mass.

This as a great deal of money for me to give, and I prefer not to have my name known. I am a subscriber to THE FIELD AFAR and you can acknowledge receipt of this check in the next issue. —Cleveland, Ohio.

#### Our Bow.

THOUGH the money mart is poor today, conditions unsettled and many out of work, Maryknoll continues to be blessed with the generosity of her lay apostles. In many cases the letters accompanying the gift indicates that it is the expression of sacrifice, that the money could ill be spared, but that neither could the pitiful appeal of destitute pagans be ignored. To all our generous friends—those who give more and those who give less, but all in proportion to their ability—we can only recall the words of our Divine Master Who gave even His life for these souls: "Verily I say unto you, so long as you have done it unto the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me."

Among the "notable gifts" recently received is one of \$500 from a reverend friend in Duluth, for student aid; another of \$300 for the same purpose, from Minersville, Pa.; stringless offerings of \$200 from Buffalo, N. Y.; \$125 from New York City, and \$100 from Boston, Mass.; an annuity of \$175 from Greenfield, Mass.; \$180 from a friend in New York, for a Chinese catechist; and \$100 towards the education of a native seminarian from a priest of Peoria, Ill. A donation of \$140 from Worcester, Mass., and \$103 from Baltimore, were sent for missionaries from these respective cities; \$105 for a catechist was received from Soperton, Wis.; a reverend friend in Brighton, Mass., contributed over \$150 towards a bursar, while the Wekanduit Bureau, of Trinity College, Washington, D. C., added \$100 to their bursar. The St. Francis Xavier Circle in Philadelphia paid for a student's room in the new Seminary. Finally we record the item of \$680.81 received by bequest in the will of Rev. Thomas Wilson of Baltimore, Md.

"They that instruct many unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity."



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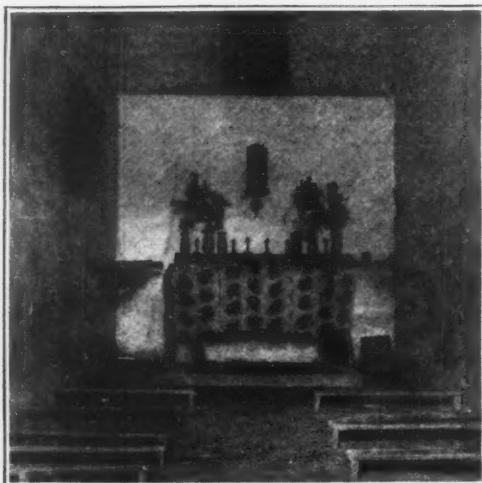
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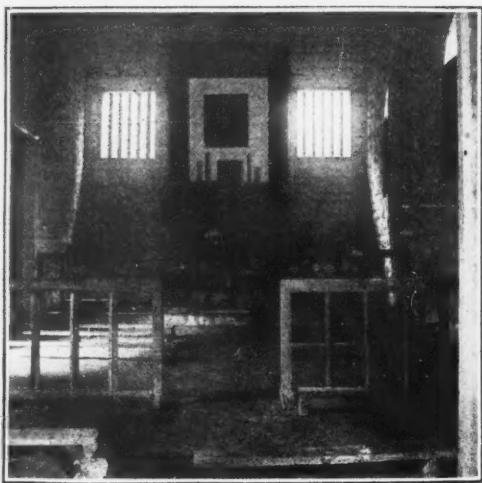
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